The Outlook

Volume 139 January 7, 1925 Number 1

An Assault on Democratic Education

JONATHAN M. DAVIS, retiring Governor of Kansas, defeated for re-election last November, has stirred up a hornets' nest by his attempt to remove from office, without a hearing, the Chancellor of the University of Kansas, Dr. Ernest H. Lindley.

On the face of it the action of the Governor is a raw attempt to use the State University for party politics. The Chancellor had refused to dismiss University employees to make way for political appointees. He sought to prevent the removal, by the State Board of Administration, of the Dean of the School of Medicine. It is reported that the Ku Klux Klan had induced the Governor to discharge the superintendent of buildings and grounds of the University in spite of the Chancellor's resistance. The conflict between the Governor and the Chancellor, however, did not become a real issue until the Governor attempted to interfere with the instructing staff.

The actual authority to remove the Chancellor rests with a body which has control of the penal institutions of the State as well as the University. This State Board of Administration is headed by the Governor. The other members are the Governor's appointees. In a public statement following the vote of ouster Governor Davis, besides charging that the University had made purchases contrary to law, asserted that he had discharged the Chancellor for incompetency, insubordination, procrastination, political activity, and aloofness from the people and the student body. The charge of "aloofness" was at once repudiated by resolutions passed during the Christmas vacation by students living in Lawrence, the seat of the University, and remaining in Lawrence for the vacation —a charge on which they rightly declared themselves to be "first-hand judges." In the mass of rumors and reports which obscure some of the reasons for this action, some facts are clear. These are that the Governor acted during the University vacation, when the Chancellor's chance for defensive action was the smallest; that the Governor is a Democrat and is to be succeeded on January 12 by a Republican, Ben S. Paulen; that the votes of the Board for the removal of the Chancellor were cast solely by its Democratic members; and that the attempt at removal has been temporarily blocked by a court injunction.

It is believed, not without reason, that the purpose of the Governor in taking

Wide World Photos

Ernest Hiram Lindley, Chancellor of the University of Kansas, removed by Governor Davis

this action just before his term ends has been to embarrass his successor, and to provide issues for a contemplated return to politics when his successor's term ends two years from now.

Dr. Lindley is a scholar of standing and an experienced administrator. He is a Bachelor and Master of Arts of Indiana University, a Doctor of Philosophy of Clark University, and a Doctor of Laws of Indiana University and the State University of Iowa. After serving on the Faculty of Indiana University for twenty-four years, he became President of the University of Idaho, and from there was called to the Chancellorship of the University of Kansas.

Our whole system of democratic education is threatened when it is invaded by politics. This is not merely the concern of Kansas, it is the concern of the whole American people. The very charge of insubordination which the Governor brings against the Chancellor is an assertion of political control over education which ought to be resented everywhere in America. If this incident results in depriving the Kansas State Board of Administration of its power or changing the character of the Board, Governor Davis may have unwittingly done the State a good turn.

North Carolina's Fine Example

NORTH CAROLINA is now appropriating for Negro education nearly four million dollars a year, a sum greater than the State expended for its entire educational programme, white and colored, in any year prior to 1910. This was the startling statement made by Professor N. C. Newbold, of the State Department of Education, at the annual Conference on Negro Education held in Raleigh a few days ago.

During the past four years the State has expended $15,000,000 for the education of its colored citizens, and is preparing to appropriate as much more for this purpose in the four years just ahead, according to Professor Newbold, who heads the department of Negro education. Eleven years ago the total appropriated for this purpose was $225,000 a year. Of the four-year budget $2,200,000 went for higher education. Colored high schools have increased in number from 13 in 1921 to 34 in 1924, and high school students from 1,347 to 5,341. The number of colored teachers has increased in four years from 3,779 to 5,037. The salaries paid these teachers during the four years aggregate about $7,000,000.

The greatest need for the immediate future, Mr. Newbold declared, is a standard four-year teachers' college, which he thought would be provided by the next Legislature. After that must come a four-year standard college of liberal arts.

Both races, said Mr. Newbold, are coming to realize the need for colored doctors, lawyers, nurses, and other professionally trained leaders. "North Caro-

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lina has faith in its Negro people," he continued. "It has spent millions for their education, and it believes that there should be one standard for teachers, and not two."

The Conference was attended by the State Superintendent of Education and by many other prominent educators of both races from North Carolina and other States. It was widely and favorably commented on by the press of the State. The Salisbury "Post" thus expressed the general feeling: "All right-thinking people will be not only willing but anxious that the State undertake a bigger and a better programme of help for the Negroes. . . . It must not allow this good work to lag."

Scientists Emergent

At the end of 1916 scientific forces in America were ready to launch a tremendous concerted movement with a double objective. The field of scientific research was to be extended until it included all nature. That, of course, was the ideal. The appeal of science was to be broadened until it reached all people. That, again, was the ideal. But some reality on the road toward these ideals was to be attained, and a committee of one hundred eminent scientists, from the various groups composing the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was appointed to work out the programme of attainment.

With the spring of 1917 came American participation in the World War. Famed scientist and foot soldier alike sought no longer the land of heart's desire, but turned their diverse talents, the one his breast and the other his brain, toward the bristle of German bayonets.

The great programme of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was abandoned. The men into whose hands it had been intrusted turned away from it lovingly, perhaps reluctantly, as the farmer boy left his whitening field of wheat, as the novelist said farewell to his story just ripening to its climax.

The war was over in nineteen months, but the farm boy did not go immediately back to his wheat field nor the novelist to his tale. The great deeps of human nature were profoundly moved by the war winds of those nineteen months. In the main, it was beyond the power of man to go straight back to the work he had left.

So the programme of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was not taken up at the end of the war, nor at the meeting following, nor at the one following that. Only just now, at the meeting of the Association being held in Washington as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, have the hands that rough-shaped the thing gone back to their molding.

Of the one hundred men who composed the committee at the outset, seventy-nine are left. Twenty-one new names have been added. How the programme will be carried out, how far toward the ideal the actual will reach, how much further nature will yield to research, and how deeply humanity in the mass can be interested in scientific achievement—these things are for the future.

But it is good to know that after almost eight years the war is so nearly enough over that some of the larger of peace-time enterprises can be resumed. Perhaps Americans, who suffered comparatively little, may be reminded by this of the larger sufferings of some other nations and be made by that reminder somewhat more sympathetic toward a slower recovery.

As to the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the scores of specialized scientific groups of which it is composed, The Outlook hopes to say more in another issue.

Why Not a War of Extermination upon the Typhoid Germ?

We again have with us conspicuously the oyster and the typhoid germ. Unlike Mark Twain's comment upon the weather and our failure "to do anything about it," the present situation is entirely man-made. With man alone lies the possibility and responsibility for correction. How? Man cannot by taking thought add one cubit to his stature, but he can by individual thoughts and organized public action outlaw the typhoid germ, and ultimately exterminate it. We already have sufficient biological knowledge for marking out the course of procedure. The germ is kept alive by only a few factors: (*a*) human personal carelessness in typhoid cases; (*b*) lack of knowledge and of personal responsibility on the part of the public and of municipal and State legislative bodies, and of executive officers; (*c*) lack of correlation between the engineering and the biological sciences.

Since there is no possible chance for the continued existence of typhoid other than the escape of typhoid germs from a typhoid patient or carrier, is it not of prime consequence that a degree of sanitary control more rigid than now exists should be maintained around each case of typhoid to prevent the escape of typhoid germs? Here the responsibility is concentrated primarily on the individual, be it the patient, even before he becomes a known victim of typhoid, a "walking case," or the doctor, nurse, or person in charge of the patient. The prime need is impressive. It is for thorough instruction as to the facts of the disease and as to personal responsibility, so that the patient shall not after convalescence and apparent recovery become a public menace by spreading the typhoid in an endless chain system.

The final step is the development of a better correlation between the biological sciences and engineering science. The citizen who dumps sewage or even an obnoxious smell into his neighbor's yard is promptly and effectively estopped. The sanitary engineer may do a similar thing on a grand scale, with the consent of municipal and State authorities, and be hailed as a public benefactor.

Is it not time that the public awaken to certain economic iniquities incidental to some present methods of sewage disposal? Too many engineers still believe that public watercourses and the ocean are providential and naturally legitimate places for sewage disposal.

What is the direct result? Sewage, instead of liquefying through oxidation and nitrification as on land, on reaching salt water precipitates as a slimy, putrefying sludge, long persisting, and slowly emanating poisonous compounds. In brackish water the organic sewage comes into contact with various mollusks, among numerous other organisms. Some of the disease-producing sewage-borne bacteria are by them ingested, and may live within the digestive tract of the mollusk for a longer period than they would if they had not been filtered out of the water by the mollusk.

What is the economic, apart from the serious sanitary effect? Contrary to the general conception, the entire ocean is not prolific of fishes and shell-fishes directly valuable for human food. Such are practically limited to the shallow waters surrounding the continents, relatively a very restricted area, but under natural conditions prodigously productive from an economic point of view for the production of human food, the most valuable, acre for acre, of any lands upon

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The fashion of the world is to avoid cost

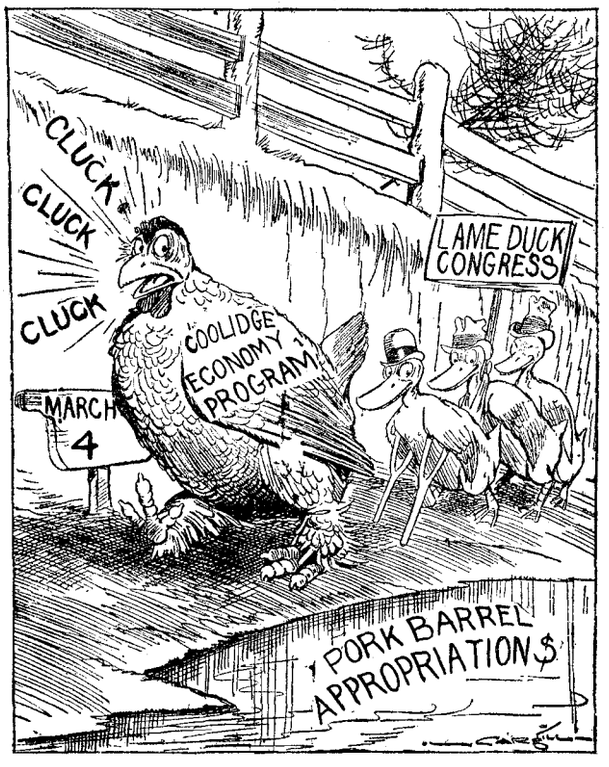
(Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Scene 1)

Dorman H. Smith in the Fort Scott (Kansas) Tribune

Some one's going to get a ride in a wagon

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Cargill in the Richmond (Indiana) Palladium



She may lead 'em by, but we doubt it!

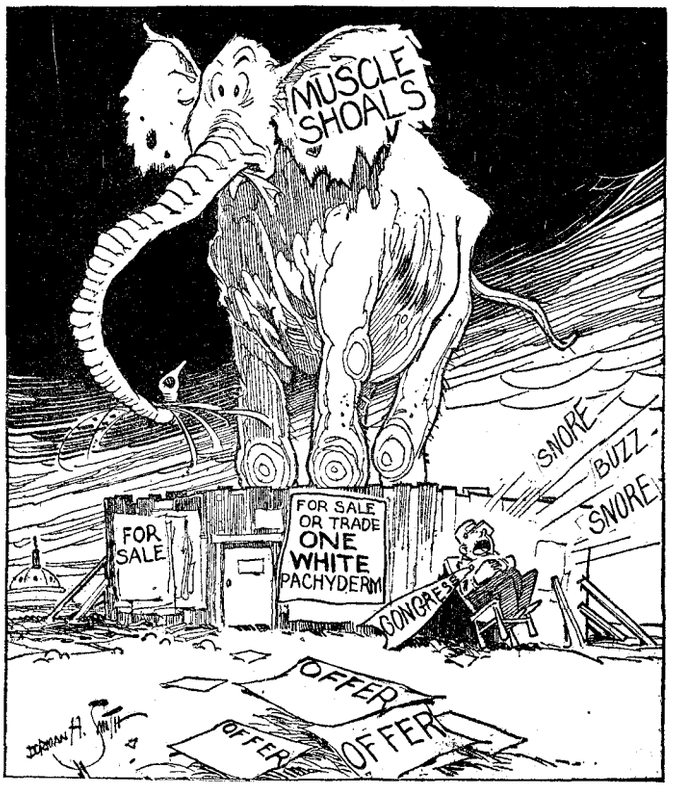
From Mary Hawkins, Lynn, Indiana

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

Where business turns aside!

From Mrs. W. H. Firebaugh, Wilton, California

Dorman H. Smith in the Anderson (Indiana) Daily Bulletin



Bigger and bigger, whiter and whiter

From George W. Childs, Anderson, Indiana

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the globe. This value is greatly enhanced by proximity to a great market, like New York, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco. Yet we proceed deliberately not only to destroy the natural productive capacity of this area by the discharge of waste oils, but, worse, to make it a positive menace to public health by using it as a dumping-place for sewage and similar wastes. We do this because, offhand, it appears "easiest and cheapest."

Our public policy still permits, but cannot justify, such procedure. The oyster, though by nature pre-eminently a clean feeder, is made "the goat." Oyster growers alone are powerless to meet the situation. Their investments are being wiped out, the public equity is ruined, public health is put in jeopardy, and will remain so until every State takes action to regulate and to control the disposal of raw sewage both at each individual source and in municipal aggregates.

In our present legalized practices of disposal of raw sewage we spend millions of dollars in engineering feats, but incur thereby a perennial economic loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in wastage of human food supplies and human life.

The blame is on every State legislator who longer permits the introduction of raw sewage, oils, and similar substances into public waters. There only is the complete answer.

Filterable Viri

RID, temporarily at least, of foot-and-mouth disease, the scientists of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry find themselves confronted with another disease, this time of fowls, quite as virulent, quite as difficult to deal with, and much more widespread than foot-and-mouth disease has ever been in the United States. It is fowl pest or European chicken plague. There are said to be at least eighteen infection spots in ten Middle Western States. Fowls have been dying in tremendous numbers in transit, and some of the large cities are in a panic of fear over the arrival of dead fowls in markets, and, particularly in New York City, the eating even of eggs is looked upon with suspicion. This is revealed by letters received by the Bureau of Animal Industry. In fact, the disease is not communicable to human beings.

New York has placed an embargo upon the ten States known to be infected. California also has quarantined against these States. Meanwhile the disease spreads, threatening an industry which has a turnover of more than a billion dollars a year, and the Department of Agriculture has had no money with which to fight it by quarantine. Finally, however, an appropriation of $100,000 was put through for this purpose.

Nothing is known of curative measures. The remedy, if there is one, must

P. & A. Photos

New York City inspectors examining poultry in the cars

be by suppression. About all that is known is that it is the result of what pathologists call a filterable virus, much like that of foot-and-mouth disease of cattle.

Something is to be attempted, at last, toward the discovery of a cure for the latter disease. The Outlook called attention some weeks ago to the fact that the impossibility of preventing the spread of foot-and-mouth disease is such that the Secretary of Agriculture has steadfastly refused permission to experiment with it in the United States. Every outbreak has been controlled by ruthless destruction of infected animals. Dr. John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has now asked permission of the Secretary to send three scientists to some foreign country where foot-and-mouth disease is already widely prevalent, there to carry on experiments looking to the discovery of a cure.

Building to Starve the Rat

A VESSEL came into New Orleans recently, and two days later a man on board fell ill with bubonic plague. The Public Health Service fumigated the ship, took out thirty-nine dead rats, and found nine of them plague-infected. This little incident lends point to an inquiry as to what the United States is doing to get rid of rats.

In an official way, the United States is fighting the rat persistently and intelligently. It has spread the word in numerous pamphlets that this country has probably as many rats as human inhabitants, and that the rats yearly destroy about as much as the work of two hundred thousand men would produce. The Bureau of Biological Survey in its bulletins has told people just how to poison rats, to lure them with fried bacon, toasted cheese, and like delicacies into the guillotine trap, and, best of all, how to make buildings rat-proof by means of cement bases. It has sent out moving-picture films and posters showing the rat at his worst. Far from stopping at mere precept, it has pitched in and lent its experts to cities, like Little Rock, that are organizing rat drives.

In spite of years of well-directed work, it does not appear that the numbers of rats have been generally or permanently thinned. The Government hunters have had notable success in reducing the numbers of the larger predatory beasts, the wolves and mountain lions, but the rat still holds his own. The trouble is that he breeds faster than sporadic and local efforts can kill him off. It has been figured that a single pair of rats could produce a posterity of over three hundred and fifty millions in the course of three years. One might almost as well hope to exterminate mosquitoes or microbes by trapping them as to conquer so prolific a creature as the rat by any plan of campaign that merely slays.

The Government authorities believe none the less that our most harmful predatory animal can be virtually made to cease from troubling if his human victims will but take the pains to shut off his places of refuge and his sources of supply. Lining the bases of several mill-

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ion farm and small-town buildings with concrete, or elevating them on posts out of rat reach, would deprive most of the rat population at once of shelter and livelihood. The cost of the job might seem greater than the result would justify if we did not have grounds to believe the extraordinary estimated yearly total of the rat's depredations. A private corporation would jump at the chance to spend on construction several times the amount that would result in annual savings. Five times even one hundred millions, a mere half of the estimated yearly rat damage, would suffice to shut the rat out of most of his abodes and free-lunch counters. The job might quite conceivably pay in a purely financial sense, to say nothing of the security it would afford as to rat-communicated diseases.

Pulverized Fuel—An Important New Technical Development

WITHIN the past year or two those who maintain an interest in the more important advances which are made from time to time by industry and engineering have heard occasional mention of a new technique—the burning in many of the Nation's largest electric and industrial power houses of finely powdered coal for fuel. Here, indeed, is something essentially new in its recent application, decidedly interesting and significant.

It is significant because it is permitting us to capture more of the latent energy that is contained in our coal than we have been capturing; also because it is bringing into practical commercial use some extremely inferior varieties of coal which we have heretofore had to throw away.

The principle of burning powdered coal is decidedly simple and understandable. As it arrives in coal cars it is pulverized in a machine. This machine or mill does not merely grind it to the small grainlike sizes one sometimes sees used in ultra-modern house-heating furnaces, but reduces every ounce of millions of tons to a veritable dust, a black dust most of which is as fine as talcum powder and as light in weight as flour.

Thus comminuted, the powder is conveyed to the boilers through long pipes by means of air blasts steadily maintained. Here it is mixed with the proper proportion of air necessary to cause its most efficient combustion, and is steadily conducted through nozzles into the fire space just as gas would be. The complete combustion of each particle of coal now takes place within two or three seconds.

Why It Is Important

THIS method of burning coal for generating power by steam is almost entirely an American development. It is used chiefly in large installations. For instance, the Ford Motor Company now has three large pulverized coal power installations. The Detroit Edison Company has one such. So have immense electric power companies in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cleveland, and many other cities. The city of Winnipeg uses it for burning lignite or brown coal.

When coal is burned in this form, its combustion is very complete, for there is little chance for any part of each minute particle to remain unconsumed. Again, the facility with which the volume of flame may be changed simply by changing the feed of coal powder permits a more economical adjustment to the demands for electricity, which fluctuate hourly in all cities, than is possible with the type of coal fire with which we are all familiar.

Best of all, it permits the use of a wide range of coal qualities from week to week in one installation. This is most important, for, to a far greater extent than home-owners, industrial consumers of coal find it difficult to get uniformly good deliveries. Almost any grade of coal may, however, be pulverized and burned to better advantage than was possible before the new method was developed.

Regrettably, a considerable percentage of the ash, minutely divided into light-colored particles, passes through the stack, and this is said to be causing perturbation in some communities.

Landor, the Explorer

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, adventurer, explorer, and writer, died on December 27 in Florence, Italy, where he was born. He was a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, the English author of "Imaginary Conversations," who was a friend of Coleridge, Shelley, and Browning.

Savage Landor, as the explorer was generally called, had a passion for traveling in unknown or little-known countries. His books tell of these adventures in China, Tibet, and South America. They are exceedingly thrilling, but, unfortunately, some of them are, in part at least, of more than doubtful authenticity. This applies particularly to his volume "The Forbidden Land," which describes his experiences (partly actual, partly imaginary) in Tibet, which he was the first white man to explore, according to his claim, and recounts many incidents of torture, captivity, and suffering. Despite the doubt thrown on this book, Landor seems now to be fairly well accepted as a genuine explorer whose stories must not be taken too literally but with due allowance for his love of startling his reader. Quite recently he brought out a comprehensive work called "Everywhere," which has been favorably received by reviewers even while they speak of his unreliability as a narrator in the past. This covers in a general survey the adventures of Landor's exciting life. The New York "Herald Tribune" perhaps represents the present view of Landor when it says: "The elder Landor wrote 'Imaginary Conversations,' the younger wrote of travels that may have been embroidered here and there by imagination; but, for that matter, did not Herodotus and Marco Polo draw the long bow?"

Evidently Landor should have been the last man, when his own records were so dubious, to attack another explorer. Impetuously, however, he rushed into the discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's exploration of the so-called River of Doubt, quite evidently knowing nothing about the subject.

A common comment on the Landors, grandfather and grandson, has been that they lived up to their family name "Savage." The earlier writer was notoriously irascible, and the younger writer had been in hot water, so to speak, all of his life. We cannot refrain from repeating an old story which seems to be based on fact. A despatch from St. Petersburg announcing that Landor had forced his way out of Tibet to civilization was misinterpreted by an Australian newspaper, which stated that "a savage landor got into St. Petersburg yesterday and the people of the city were terrified."

France in a Quandary

IN trying to placate her implacable critics, France has been following a course that has brought apprehension to some of her best friends.

She has come to terms with the Bolsheviki.

She has lessened the pressure upon Germany.

She has shown lenity toward her own defeatists who had tried to break her spirit when she was defending her soil.

She has turned aside from her attempt to balance her Budget by taxes instead of loans.

She has seemed to be intimating that

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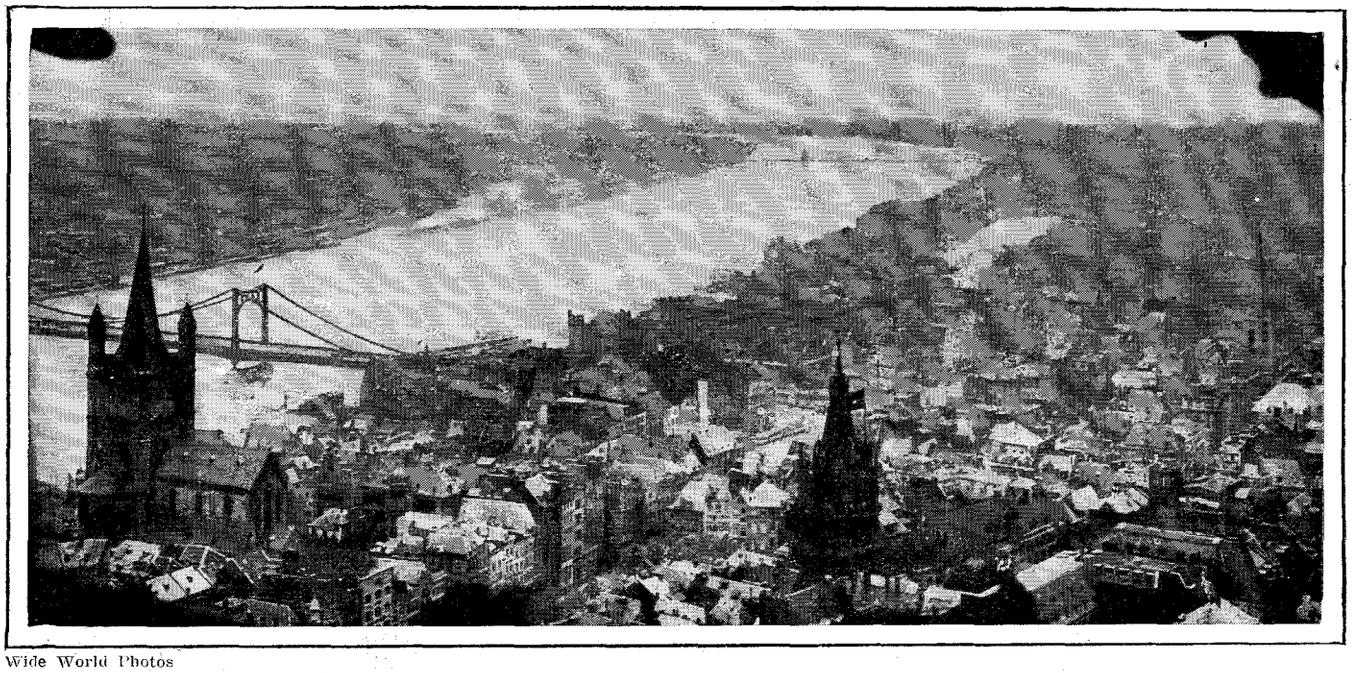

Wide World Photos

Cologne, Germany (which the Allies still occupy) and the river Rhine from the tower of the famous Cathedral

the damage and debt she was forced to incur in the war should be shouldered by her friends rather than her quondam enemy.

And what is her reward?

The Bolsheviki of Russia have taken advantage of her amiability to spread their propaganda among her people.

The Germans have begun to talk repudiation again.

The French defeatists are beginning to predict their own return to power.

The cost of living in France has continued to bear heavily on the French people.

The American Government has made it clear that it does not propose to assume a burden that, though now resting on France, belongs to Germany.

And those who were unfriendly to France are quite as unfriendly as ever.

No wonder M. Herriot is ill.

What are Billions Between Friends?

No doubt M. Herriot has had the best of intentions. He is a humane man who wants to see his fellow-men live under happy circumstances. It would not be fair perhaps to call him the Mayor Hylan of Lyons; but he was long the Mayor of the silk city. As far back as November, 1915, The Outlook had an article which told about Mayor Herriot's vocational schools for the wounded. Now that he is Premier of France, M. Herriot has been honestly pursuing a policy of reconciliation.

Unfortunately, M. Herriot's good will has been interpreted as weakness.

After all, however, with all his sympathy for humanity at large, M. Herriot is a Frenchman. He wants security for his country. He wants no more wounded, even if more wounded meant new vocational schools to found.

So when it was discovered, as it apparently has been, that the Germans have been concealing quantities of arms above what is allotted to them by treaty, M. Herriot has made it plain that he regards France as released from any obligation to retire from the bridgehead at Cologne on January 10.

The Treaty specifically makes as a condition for the withdrawal of the troops from the bridgeheads the observance by the Germans of the Peace Treaty's stipulations concerning the disarmament of Germany. Apparently the Germans did not think that a man like Herriot would take those stipulations seriously. Now that M. Herriot does take them seriously, the Germans exhibit a pained surprise. They say now that, since the troops are remaining in the occupied regions after the stipulated time, they may not want to carry through the Dawes Plan for the payment of reparations. "So be it," say the French in effect, M. Herriot apparently concurring; "we prefer security to all the money that Germany is likely to pay under the Dawes Plan or any other plan; indeed, we prefer security to all the money that Germany can pay, which is a great deal more than she is likely to."

That, however, leaves France facing a most unpleasant dilemma. Since the war was fought on her soil, she has suffered terrible damage. It is as if the great industrial regions of New England and Pennsylvania, the richest coal fields of Pennsylvania and the Middle West, and the most fertile agricultural regions of the Northwest had been laid waste.

What is France to do?

Perhaps her allies and friends who have been so solicitous about Germany will pay the damage. That could be easily arranged, it seems, for France owes some billions of dollars with unpaid interest for money she borrowed to prosecute the war. Most of this she spent in this country to hold back the Germans while we were making up our minds that the fight was ours as well as hers. There has been no explicit attempt to repudiate this debt; but it seems significant that it does not figure as a liability in the French Budget. That has been explained on the ground that it was not definitely determined; but friends of France in Congress as well as her suspicious critics do not like the apparent intimation that France does not take this debt seriously. Of course no one thinks of pressing France for payment, but scarcely any one in America seriously thinks that the debt will be canceled.

If reconciliation between Germany and France means letting Germany off and making the French pay not only for what they did in helping to defend the rest of the world but for all that the Germans did to France besides, it will be secured at the cost of elementary justice and righteousness; and at that price reconciliation will be a mere name signifying nothing.

Those, therefore, who are reminding France of her obligation to pay her debts are probably doing her the best possible service. France may now reassert, in

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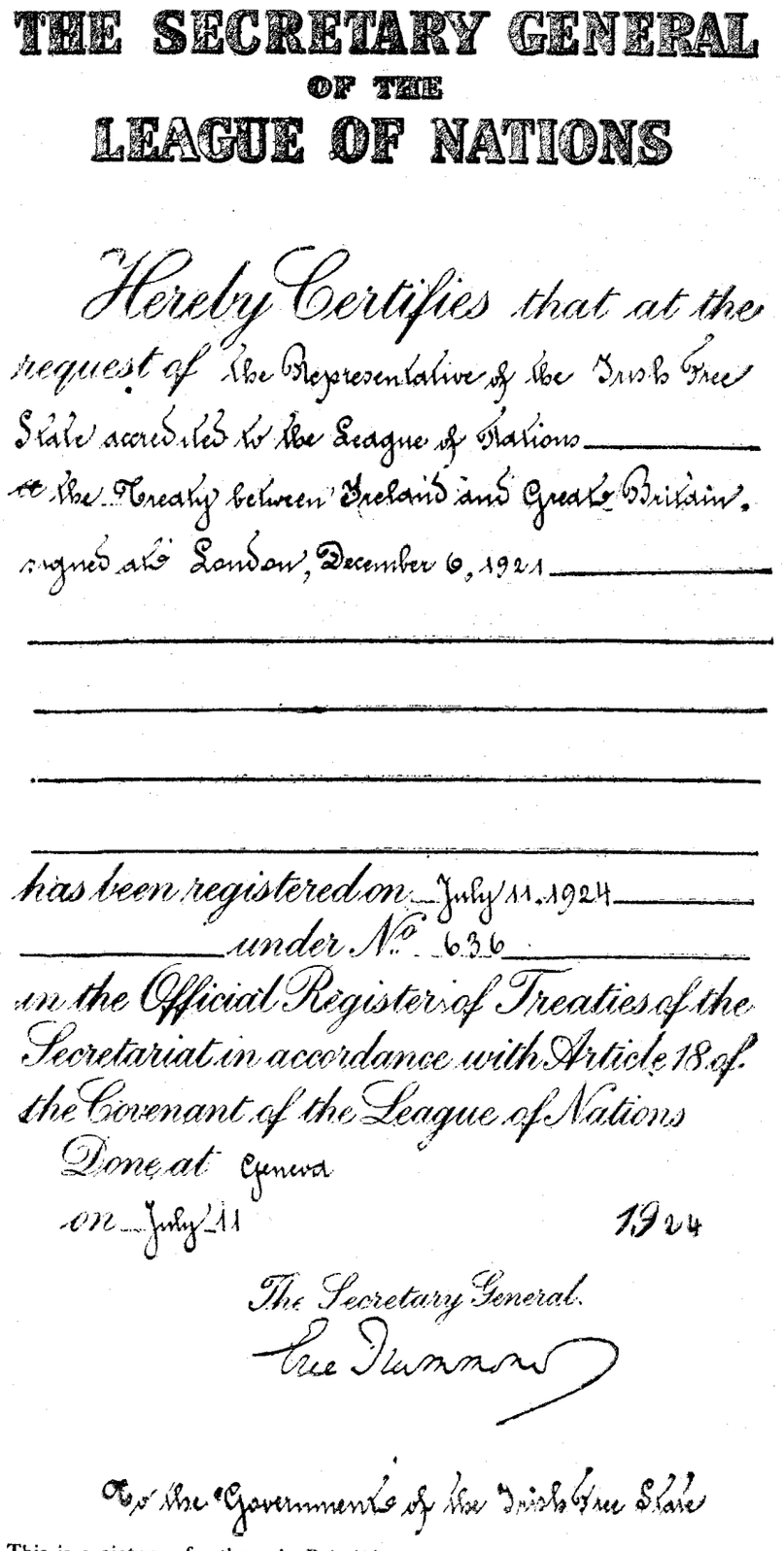
stronger terms than she has used since Poincaré fell, her rightful demands upon Germany. And if she does, the friends she owes may find new reasons for backing her up. A few billions between friends may, after all, aid the cause of justice.

Ireland and the League

THE British Government's action in questioning the right of the Free State to register the Anglo-Irish Treaty at Geneva has aroused considerable resentment in Ireland. The old suspicions of English policy have been reawakened—a result to be deplored, for the Treaty has been, ever since its acceptance, intimately connected with confidence in English good faith. Since the Treaty is the document upon which the Free State bases its membership in the League of Nations, it felt compelled to register its Treaty in accordance with Article 18 of the Covenant of the League, which stipulates that every treaty entered into between its members must be registered with its Secretariat, or otherwise become null and void. Hence a refusal to do so would have been a repudiation of the Covenant and the annulment of the Treaty.

The British contention, voiced by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, is that Article 18 does not apply to agreements between the Imperial Government and the Dominions. But Mr. Chamberlain has spoken late. The time for protest was last July, before the Free State delegates went to Geneva, where they were warmly welcomed by the British delegates there present, and obtained for their country the League's hall-mark, which covers equal rights as well as equal duties.

The Irish Government is fully convinced that its position is unassailable, so it is very wisely leaving the worrying to the Conservative Party in England, who, obviously, are afraid that the Free State may appeal to the League regarding the boundary question in the event of failure on the part of the Commission, now functioning, to effect a settlement. Time will tell whether the British Government has made a false move or not. It has at least furnished substantial material to anti-treaty propagandists, and they are busy making the most of it. Free Staters seem to be quite satisfied that if the matter comes before the Assembly of the League Ireland will get wide support, not only from the Dominions, but from Continental nations as well. In this connection a special correspondent of the "Journal de Genève"—


THE SECRETARY GENERAL
OF THE
LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Hereby Certifies that at the request of the Representative of the Irish Free State accredited to the League of Nations ——— the Treaty between Ireland and Great Britain, signed at London, December 6, 1921 ———

has been registered on July 11, 1924 ———
under No. 636
in the Official Register of Treaties of the Secretariat in accordance with Article 18 of the Covenant of the League of Nations

Done at Geneva
on July 11 1924

The Secretary General.

To the Government of the Irish Free State

This is a picture of a thorn in Britain's side, for it makes Ireland look like a sovereign state. It certifies that the treaty between Ireland and Great Britain has been registered with the League of Nations

a paper generally recognized as the semi-official organ of the League—states that in the first Council of the League Mr. Chamberlain addressed the members "on behalf of the British Empire" and that he spoke later "in the name of six governments."

"This conception," the correspondent continues, "is very much open to objection in law and in fact. Mr. Chamberlain in the Council is not the representative of the British Empire; he is the representative of Great Britain, which is not the same thing. The League of Nations ignores the British Empire. She only recognizes her own members, who are all independent of one another."

That Canada will accept Mr. Chamberlain's interpretation of Article 18 the correspondent is extremely doubtful, and he asks, "Does Mr. Chamberlain really represent her [Canada] here more than

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he represents Ireland? We are rather of opinion that the British Government, with its mania for imperialism, is about to embark on an adventure which will bring it farther than it expects." And so also thinks the Irish Government. At all events, it is now one of the component parts of the great League, and there it is going to remain. Its position regarding England, in spite of comparisons to the contrary, is not like that of Alsace-Lorraine to Paris, or the eighteen German states to Berlin.

The Narrow Way of Reconstruction in Hungary

In spite of much report to the contrary, there can be no doubt that the troubled state of Hungary is at last well on the way to reconstruction.

It is true that a casual visit to Budapest might incline one to exactly the opposite conclusion. A great many people in Hungary, especially in the capital city, are worse off than they were some nine months ago when Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston, and his little band of assistants assumed control of the finances of the country, under the auspices of the League of Nations. A year or so ago the inflation of the currency was making business brisk, just as it had done, for a time, in Austria and Germany. Those who could not earn enough to satisfy their needs resorted naturally to gambling. Brokers, bankers, printers, were kept busy, and gave employment to a large number of assistants. The hundreds of thousands who went down in the struggle were overlooked because of the brave show of the tens of thousands who won out. No attempt, in other words, was being made to envisage the situation as it really was, and hope was sustained by a false confidence that something was bound to turn up.

As the result of nine months' patient work, the deceptive veil of inflation has been torn down and the financial situation stated in plain terms. The crown has been stabilized. The national income has been ascertained and the limits of just expenditure revealed.

The immediate result is unemployment. The banks have turned away the extra staff they formerly engaged; the army of amateur speculators has vanished, and it is estimated that in Budapest alone there are at least 10,000 educated middle-class people out of employment and without any immediate prospect of getting anything to do. Nevertheless business men everywhere are looking forward to the future with confidence. They at least know where they stand, and, although the road before them is narrow and all too evidently difficult, it does clearly lead to the plain of better things.

The great problem facing Hungary is just this question of what to do with the educated middle class. After the break-up of the monarchy, these people flocked to Budapest in thousands—officers without regiments, schoolmasters and professors replaced by Czechs and Rumanians, Government officials from every town and village of the "lost territories." For the present the Government is meeting the situation by maintaining most of them on its pension roll, but such a policy cannot be long continued, and it is welcome to find that the authorities, under the patient pressure of Mr. Smith, fully recognize the fact.

An effort has accordingly been made to develop the industries of the country, and it is proving successful. An entirely new textile industry has been created, and vigorous efforts are being made in other similar directions to redress the lopsided character of the country due to the fact that it is so preponderantly agricultural. It may take a long time to solve the problem in this way, but the way is sure enough if pursued faithfully. The hopefulness of the whole situation lies in the fact that at least the building there is now on an assured foundation.

Wilson's Mantle

As prophet of the League of Nations and the doctrines it stands for, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood has been publicly honored as Woodrow Wilson's successor.

Others will in future years receive the Wilson prize, but no other can be its first recipient. The meeting on Sunday, December 28, at the Hotel Astor in New York, when the bronze medal and $25,000 from the Woodrow Wilson Foundation were given to the Englishman known for many years as Lord Robert Cecil, had, therefore, a significance that no later meeting of the disciples of Woodrow Wilson can possibly have. It is not inappropriate to call the spirit of the founders of this memorial to President Wilson religious. It is the spirit of those who have faith in something outside and beyond themselves identified very closely with a person whom they revere. To place any one in a position of leadership and spokesmanship on behalf of such a faith after the first leader and spokesman is gone is quite as high an honor as any they can conceivably render to any man.

The choice of Viscount Cecil as the recipient of Woodrow Wilson's mantle was inevitable. He has been the one outstanding figure among all the supporters of the League of Nations. Against his winning personality opponents are disarmed. He puts his case in such a way that skeptics wish they might believe. Lacking the aspect of fierce resolution and uncompromising adherence to the creed embodied in the Covenant that seemed to characterize the man for whom the Foundation is named, Viscount Cecil does not arouse but allays opposition. Indeed, he has no spirit of exclusiveness. His is not a cult of close communion. He wants to sweep into the faith all who are contributing in any way to the end which he has in view.

His speech before those gathered to do him honor was one of the most persuasive that was ever delivered on behalf of the League of Nations. His summary of its achievements was impressive. It is true that he could bring in as evidence no really major achievement. The nearest that he could come to it was the course pursued after the Corfu incident, and that has been a matter of debate even among the supporters of the League themselves. Even under the most favorable interpretations, that incident can be likened to the occasion of the World War only in some of its outward aspects. There was nothing in that incident comparable to the causes of the World War which lay far behind Sarajevo. Even so, the facts that Viscount Cecil cited must be taken into account in any plans made or carried out for future international relations.

It is a happy circumstance that has brought so able, honest, and open-minded a man where he can guide the thoughts of the believers in the League as the solvent of the world's troubles.

Critic and Playwright

William Archer, who died in London on December 27, was both dramatic critic and dramatic author. It is a singular fact that the one play he wrote was as far as possible in subject and character from the plays of the dramatist whom Mr. Archer most admired and whose cult he sedulously urged—Henrik Ibsen.

As a critic Archer preached realism; as a playwright he gave imagination full flight. Archer translated "Peer Gynt" and he was the editor of the au-

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thoritative "Collected Works of Ibsen." For about twenty years he was journalist and dramatic critic in London, in Edinburgh, and in Australia; but his place in public memory will rest on his appreciation of Ibsen and on his play, "The Green Goddess."

It is said that "The Green Goddess" was originally written for Henry Irving, but for many years was held in abeyance because of its singularity and the difficulties of production. Almost every one in this country has seen "The Green Goddess" either as an acted play or on the screen. It afforded exactly the right medium for the personality and acting of George Arliss. The part taken by Arliss was that of a highly educated East Indian rajah, a graduate of Oxford, with a cultivated English accent, and a man acquainted with the utmost niceties of civilization, who was yet at the same time the chief of a savage and fanatical tribe in a mountain fastness, was a more or less convinced worshiper of the tribal deity which gives the play its name, was a confirmed sensualist, and was perfectly ready to allow his cruel followers to kill or torture his English prisoners if he could not have his own way with them. The conception in itself was bizarre yet in a way convincing, and the fine and restrained acting of Arliss made "The Green Goddess" an enormous success.

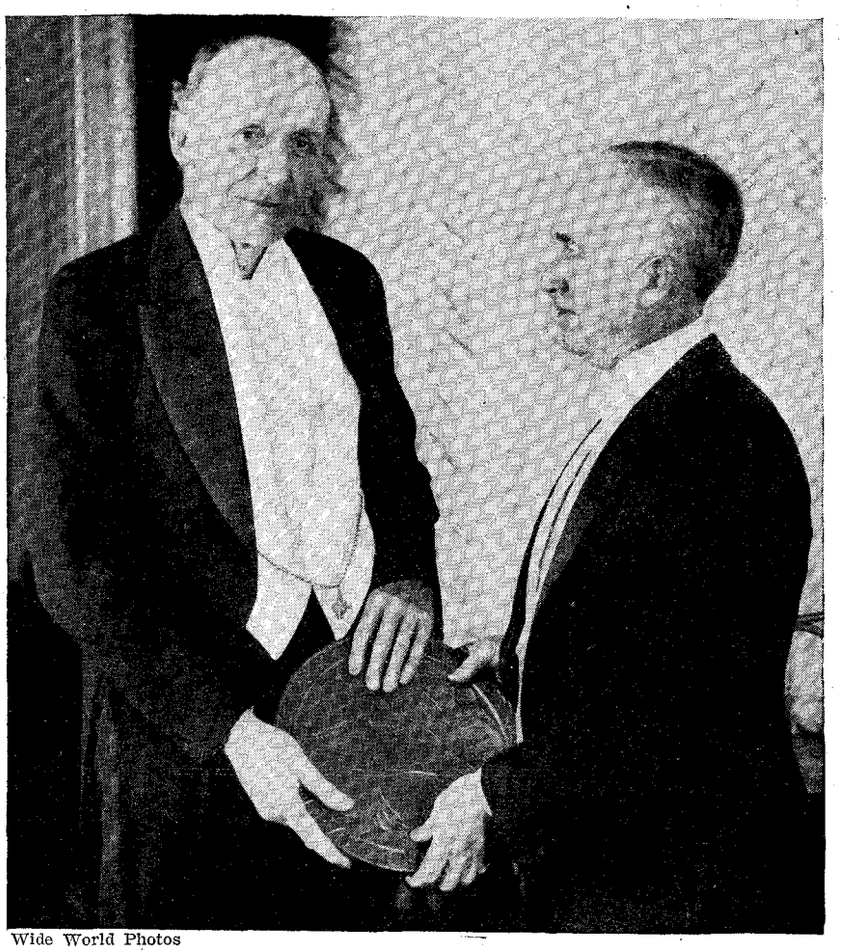
Realigning for the Next Battle

DAVID LAWRENCE, one of the most widely read of newspaper syndicate writers in Washington, recently wrote in one of his letters:

"Nobody perhaps realizes better than does President Coolidge that the mandate of the last election was not a verdict for unrestrained conservatism."

Here is a sentence, not to say a situation, which puts a strain upon the imagination. If a mandate might by some stress of circumstance become a verdict, it would still be difficult to conceive of conservatism unrestrained. Conservatism is restraint, or so the kindred of Roget have always thought, and so the voters of the United States, not in the main lexicographers, thought when they cast their ballots for Coolidge last November. And that, doubtless, is what Mr. Lawrence meant to say—that the people of the United States expect Mr. Coolidge to be conservative, and not reactionary.

The point of it all, however, is that those who shape events no less than those who record them in Washington turned their thoughts during the Christ-



Wide World Photos

Viscount Cecil receiving the Woodrow Wilson Foundation Medal from Norman H. Davis

Wide World Photos

The Woodrow Wilson Foundation Medal, designed by Ivan Mestrovic, the eminent Jugoslav sculptor. The reverse side of the medal bears the inscription, "For meritorious service in the cause of international co-operation and the establishment of peace through justice"

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mas recess of Congress to party politics rather than to pending legislation. The President, according to report, busied himself with the working out of long-range plans for holding the Republican majority in future elections, and it was this of which Mr. Lawrence wrote.

Meanwhile, the Democrats, recovered somewhat from the daze of the November blow, began a work of analyzing results. Senator Swanson tabulated the figures anew and found Democratic hope for the future. Thirteen States, he concluded, whose electoral votes will be cast for Coolidge did not give a popular Republican majority, and in a number of others the mandate, even for "restrained conservatism," was so narrow as to be almost negligible.

But out of the Democratic cogitation came a clash. The gavel had not long fallen in the Senate before Harrison, of Mississippi, and Bruce, of Maryland, were, with some heat, accusing each other of responsibility for crushing defeat. But for reactionaries of the Bruce type, said Harrison, Davis would not have been slaughtered. But for radicals of the Harrison type, said Bruce, thousands of Democrats would not have gone over to Coolidge.

Possibly both contentions are right. If either wing of the Democracy had been other than it was, the flight of the fowl would have been different. Neither Senator proves anything against the other, but between them they prove that Democrats must delve much deeper than into columns of election figures to explain away their troubles.

In this issue of The Outlook Mr. Milton presents the case for one wing of the party—a wing that believes its defeat in the Convention had much to do with the party's defeat at the polls.

Not by Jingo

CALL it Chauvinism, and, like everything else French, it sounds interesting and somewhat venturesome; call it Jingoism, and it is just vulgar.

Recently both in Japan and in this country it seems to have broken out like a disease. Fortunately, in neither country is it, or is it likely to be, epidemic. Certainly it is not going to spread here. Mr. Britten's proposal in the House of Representatives for the calling of a conference of white peoples whose territories border on the Pacific was treated with that mixture of indignation and ridicule which is one of the best disinfectants for this particular form of contagion. It is plain that America can take care of her own jingoes, and we believe that Japan can take care of hers.

It is not easy for two peoples differing so widely in tradition and education as the Americans and the Japanese to understand each other. The Japanese live in a land which has been theirs from time immemorial. They have had no wilderness to subdue, no vast spaces to fill. They are part of their land and their land is part of them. Every foot of it speaks to them of their ancestors, and of their heritage of the past. Every individual in Japan is a thread in a tightly woven fabric. Americans, on the other hand, live in the future, because that is the habit they have formed during generations while they have been bringing the material resources of a continent into subjection. To them the past is only something to start from, and sometimes hardly even that. And individual Americans are almost as free to move about in their environment as are particles of air. To an American what is done is done, and might as well be forgotten, for there is something just ahead yet to do. Not so the Japanese. Everything that is done becomes in turn a part of the past in which they live, and to which everything that is yet to be done must be referred.

That is why the Japanese have found it so difficult to understand the cavalier manner with which Congress passed the provision excluding in fact, though not by name, all Japanese as immigrants; and that is why Americans, even those who admit that the action of Congress was a mistake, have found it hard to understand the reason for Japanese sensitiveness on the subject.

Fortunately, both Secretary Hughes and Prime Minister Kato have given public expression to the fundamentally cordial relations existing between the two countries. Both have stated definitely that there is no question affecting the relations of the two countries which is not capable of an amicable settlement.

It is doubtful whether we Americans have tried to understand the Japanese as much as the Japanese have tried to understand us. That may be because circumstances made it necessary for the Japanese to study the habits and ways of thinking of the West, while we have been busy with our own affairs. That is why we welcome the presence in this country of such a man as Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi. Since his appearance at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, last summer he has been addressing American audiences, many of them in the colleges of the East, as an interpreter of Japanese life and thought. Many of his audiences have found him a thoughtful interpreter of American life and thought as well. We wish there might be many such thoughtful and understanding envoys from each country to the other. If there were, there would be no loss of patriotism either in America or in Japan, but there would be good riddance to what masquerades as patriotism in the habiliments of the swashbuckler. There is no virtue in freedom or in self-contempt; but the nation that is really strong and respects itself scorns bluster.

Roses and Sky-Scrapers

THAT we have a better kind of humor than any other nation, and that we are quicker to appreciate all true humor than anybody else (especially Englishmen), are prime articles of faith with Americans. A man seeking high office in this country would be ill-advised to utter the least doubt of the theory. Certainly we cling—subconsciously, perhaps—to the notion that "an Englishman can't see a joke," and do this in the face of acquaintance with the long line of English humorists from Chaucer through Dickens to Leacock. One method of proving our contention used to be to cite "Punch"—could any one see anything funny in that paper? Latterly some of us have had suspicions. Perhaps "Punch" is just as funny for a British publication as "Life" is for an American one; indeed, it is rumored that there are impartial observers from neutral nations who say that it is even funnier. And—so far have we strayed from old-fashioned militant patriotism—it is suggested that there are some Americans who openly and shamelessly prefer "the London Charivari," as it still calls itself in its sub-title.

The existence of large numbers of utterly humorless Americans is a solemn and depressing fact, without regard to any question of our National eminence as humorists. Sometimes it is not humor in its narrow sense—the ability to "see a joke"—which we lack, so much as humor in its broader aspects: imagination, and a due sense of proportion. A man may

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have a taste for funny yarns, he may even recite limericks in public, but be quite unable to see himself in his true relations to the universe. Or he may have no patience at all with jokes and anecdotes, and yet have a keen and useful imagination. The Americans—they are a minority—who denounce France as "militaristic" because she wishes to protect herself from future ravages by a dangerous neighbor lack precisely this kind of humor. They fail to possess the imagination which enables them to ask: How would we act in their place? Would we be smug, content, supine?

The illustrated supplements to our Sunday newspapers often furnish dismal proof of blind spots in our National imagination. Perhaps some of the persons depicted there do these ridiculous things at the bidding of photographers, desperate for a picture. But it requires a genius for absurdity to invent some of their cantrips. The long list of "Days" to remember this or that relative; the National Spaghetti Weeks, when we are adjured to "concentrate" on spaghetti or apricots, to assist the dealers in those foods; the "coronation" of some lady as Queen of the Spaghetti Carnival; the Beauty Shows to advertise cosmetics; the processions of Kleagles and Cyclopses in sheets and pillow-cases—all these events warn us to be careful how we boast too much of our National sense of humor.

Artemus Ward said that the great merit of George Washington was that he did not "slop over;" too many of our public men, said Artemus, failed to guard against that danger. Perhaps the tendency is with us to-day; we light upon a good idea, and then work it too hard. The moment of silence on Armistice Day is a noble and suitable tribute; but already there are attempts to adopt it for all kinds of other purposes. Our custom of placing flowers upon the graves of soldiers on Memorial Day has always been one of our most dignified and touching observances. It has been extended in recent years by throwing flowers upon the surfaces of rivers and harbors in honor of sailors who have perished at sea. This, if done with propriety, may also be a beautiful ceremony. But one of the Sunday papers recently showed a picture of a group of fairly personable young women about to throw roses out of the window of a Chicago sky-scraper, "in memory of Père Marquette and Louis Joliet." Without raising the question (although the picture raised it) whether any of these young ladies had more than a vague idea who these pioneers were, and without wondering where the roses thus cast to the winds finally landed, is it not time to consider the ridiculousness of such a ceremony? Will not some one presently be eating a snowball in public in honor of Admiral Peary, or climbing to the top of a flagpole and blowing a soap-bubble in memory of the inventors of the airplane?

The Reds and Religion

"WE shall pursue our attacks on Almighty God, in due time and in an appropriate manner." These words are attributed to Zinoviev by an Associated Press despatch from Moscow. He was speaking for the Third International, of which he is the head, but what he says in that capacity defines also the policy of the Soviet Government, now ruled by a triumvirate of which Zinoviev is the most conspicuous member.

The blasphemous words quoted were intended by Zinoviev as a concession. "For the moment," he says, "we cannot permit ourselves such a luxury as a vigorous and inflexible religious campaign." So he recommends that what he calls the "campaign against God" should for the present be carried on in a pedagogic fashion, and he even speaks with disapproval of the fact that groups of Boy Scouts have imprisoned whole congregations at worship in church.

If any one still believes that the so-called "Living Church" is a true church and not a mockery of religion, he should find food for thought in Zinoviev's words. Almost simultaneously with the publication of the despatch quoted, Captain McCullagh, who in his despatches a year ago told in the New York "Herald Tribune" the history of the persecution of Greek and Roman Catholic priests by the Reds, states in one of a series of illuminating articles on Russia that one of the principal theological writers of the Bolshevik press is that unfrocked priest, Galkin, the brutal and unjust judge who condemned Archbishop Zepliak and Monsignor Budkiewics to death and had a foremost part in the persecution which a Russian writer asserted included the killing of twenty-eight bishops and twelve hundred priests. From the same source we are told that even now Bolshevist newspapers in almost every issue tell of some church in Russia that has been turned into a Communist club or pulled down. Yet Captain McCullagh, who perhaps knows this subject better than any other English or American writer, thoroughly believes that the anti-religious movement is not from the people but imposed by the small governing clique.

To read such reports as this makes one recall that period of the French Revolution when the execution of priests and the harrying of the Church led Danton and Robespierre to attempt to satisfy the human desire for some form of devotion by establishing the Worship of Reason, but later substituted for that a kind of Worship of the Supreme Being, while the observance of Sunday and saints' days was still made a criminal offense.

Zinoviev's denunciation of religion confirms an opinion expressed by Justice Ford the other day in the New York State Supreme Court. He had refused to grant the petition put forward by the representatives in America of the "Living Church" of Russia to oust Metropolitan Platon from St. Nicholas's Russian Cathedral in New York City. This ends the contest that has been going on for a year between the two elements in the Russian Church in this country. There are at least one hundred and fifty Russian congregations; a very large majority of these believe in the old Russian Church and resent the attempt of the Reds in Russia to govern the American Russian Church. In rejecting the Reds' demand (for that is what it really amounts to) Justice Ford, apart from the strictly legal points involved, declared of the "Living Church" that it "makes it obligatory upon all its members under pain of mortal sin to make the purposes of the Russian dictatorship their own. Those purposes are well known. They are no less than the subversion of this and all other governments on earth by bloody revolution." He added: "To that end is its world-wide propaganda maintained, all the more dangerous when insidiously carried on in the guise of religious doctrines by agents garbed in the reverential vestments of a great church."

The Russian Church in America should be ruled by Russians in America. If this is ecclesiastically impossible, its authorities should declare an ecclesiastical moratorium so long as persecutors of all religion rule the official church in Russia.

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What 1924 did for Europe: A Tabloid View

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

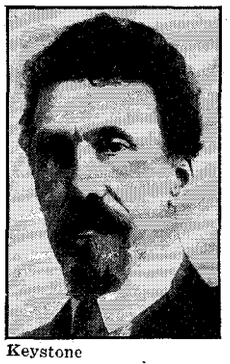
The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

HOW is Europe different from what it was a year ago? There has been a change in the continent's face. On January 1, 1924, we recognized certain events, movements, tendencies, as more or less epoch-making. Have they remained so and deepened the lines already traced? Or have these been in some degree obliterated by new events, new movements, new tendencies?

When we speak of Europe, we think generally of its greater countries—of Russia, Germany, Italy, France, England. Before the events of 1917–18 all of these used to be known as the Great Powers.

Russia

As compared with the beginning of 1924, Russia is different in external rather than in internal power. Its Bolshevist Government is in a better strategic position; for world morality is such that this Government has now been recognized by no less than twenty-two states, including the Great Powers. And, what is more, if even the biggest of them, the British Empire, dares step back from the forward limit reached by the late Labor-Socialist Cabinet at London, the upstart Soviet Government feels itself quite strong enough to give the old lady a rap over the knuckles. As long as a Labor-Socialist administration existed the Bolshevist Government cherished the hope of amicable understanding with England; so in stirring up trouble in contiguous countries it chose especially Poland and Rumania, more or less dependent on France. But when, in England, the new Conservative Cabinet rejected the preceding Socialist administration's treaty with the Soviets, Moscow turned attention to those other contiguous countries, the Baltic States, as belonging more exclusively to the British sphere, and, naturally, turned to the most vulnerable of them, namely, Estonia. At Reval then, the Estonian chief port, Moscow started a bloody attack, destined to capture the whole country.



Keystone

Rykov, head of Soviet Russian Government

The close of the year also sees general Bolshevist propaganda more active than at the beginning; first, in countries like Bessarabia, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia, where some sympathy can be elicited from minority populations; and, second, in a great center like Paris, where Moscow has established local "cellules," charged to watch factories, arms magazines, benzine depots, and auto garages.

Yet the break-up of Bolshevism itself may be in sight. Two, at least, of its leaders are now at odds.

Meanwhile the country continues to starve.

Germany

A YEAR ago Germany was using as money dirty, greasy bits of paper marked hundreds, thousands, millions, and billions of marks. Now Germany welcomes the appearance of clean and attractive yellow-metal pieces for pfennigs and marks. Yet when you ask a native how the metal of these pieces is composed, you may expect this reply:

(C) Keystone

Chancellor Marx, of Germany

"Fünf pro cent Aluminium,
Fünf pro cent Stahl,
Neunzig pro cent Volksdiebstahl."

Any investigator traveling at this time in Germany finds the cost of living to be far higher than a year ago. But as to other things he is more pleasantly impressed than he was then.

Along the lower Rhine, bordered by the Belgian, English, and French zones of occupation, he sees a new spirit, due to the Dawes Plan. Along the upper Rhine there is also a new spirit of republican strength. This is in contrast with what you will note in eastern Germany, where the great agriculturists, the Junkers, are almost exclusively monarchists. There the Junkers control most of the laborers, shopkeepers, journalists, and even the Government functionaries. As a whole, however, throughout Germany there is more vigor in the republican atmosphere than I observed a year ago. For proof, look at the December elections, where extremes, both Communist and reactionary, suffered. The seed sown five years ago in stony soil by republicans like Rathenau and Wirth is bearing fruit. True, the fruit is not as large and juicy as it ought to be—first, because of powerful monarchist currents, and, second, because opinion is split up into too many parties. A particular province may have a dozen or so, but for all Germany the total number of parties, little and big, at the December election was no less than fifty.

Italy

As compared with the beginning of 1924, the end of the year in Italy finds Fascism less intrenched economically and politically. This may seem strange. Mussolini, the Fascist leader, now Premier, is a man of great ability, amazing energy, and genuine desire to serve his country. At home he has largely restored to normal both the nation's economic situation and its condition of public order. The first is shown in the smaller number, not only of strikes, but also of the participants in strikes and of working days lost. The second is shown in the smaller number of illegal acts perpetrated by the Fascists. Meanwhile administrative efficiency has admittedly increased tenfold. Looking beyond the former Italian frontier, we cannot but be impressed by the occupation of Fiume, by the Corfu affair, by the treaties with Jugoslavia and Switzerland, and by the Premier's approval of Germany's proposed entry into the League of Nations, because "the greater the number of its members, the greater the peace guaranties."

Keystone

Premier Mussolini, of Italy

Why, then, any decline in Fascist fortunes? Because—

1. Fascism has brought no decrease in the cost of living, as was expected; on the contrary, the cost has advanced;

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2. It has, in particular, not brought the "good fruits" promised as a result of recognizing the Bolshevist Government;

3. It has not brought the anticipated appreciation in Italian currency exchange;

4. It has persisted in its decree laws, despite Mussolini's assurance last May that the practice of issuing them would be discontinued;

5. It has repressed public liberties—as when a Fascist squadron recently fell upon a procession;

6. It has outrageously suppressed the press;

7. It has obtained a queer legal sanction to its usurpation of power by the new electoral law;

8. It has formed a purely Fascist militia exceeding the proposed army strength.

France

On one thing you can count in France at the end of this or any year—the people's frugality and economy. That is the basic reason why the recent $100,000,000 borrowing from America was covered in three-quarters of an hour in New York and went to a premium. That is why the preceding short-term internal loan was also a success. The Poincaré Government's efforts during the first part of the year to balance the Budget by means of taxation and the Herriot Government's efforts since to balance it by more borrowings may be successful. But there is no assurance of permanent balancing by the latter method. Such balancing is merely shirking the question.

Keystone

Premier Herriot, of France

Many other conditions continue satisfactory. There is practically no unemployment. Most of the devastated districts have been restored. Trade flourishes. Frontier security seems somewhat more assured, and the length of military service is soon to be reduced from eighteen months to one year. There has been, however, an increase in living costs. Bread and flour prices have advanced, despite the Government's announcement of its intention to reduce taxation on primary articles of food. Nevertheless the cost of living in France is still less than that in Switzerland and much less than that in England and Germany.

French politics are going awry. Brilliant and engaging as he is, with the Socialists on his back in command, M. Herriot recognizes the Bolshevist Government, pardons the defeatists Caillaux and Malvy, breaks with the Vatican, and makes a clean sweep of desirable diplomatic jobs. The Socialists are in danger of overplaying their hand, and the Herriot Government will probably meet the MacDonald Government's fate.

England

On January 1, 1924, England was facing the entry into power of her first Labor-Socialist administration. On January 1, 1925, England will still be celebrating the recent return to power of a Conservative Government.

(C) Keystone

Premier Baldwin, of Britain

As the year progressed, the Labor-Socialists failed to grapple successfully with the problem of the unemployed. Nearly the same was true as regards the allied problems of housing and slum riddance. The Laborites have now been succeeded by the Conservatives and by a constructive programme of developing new building methods, giving more work, and producing houses.

The prospect is also more assured in another economic direction. The Labor-Socialist Party was pledged to a policy of nationalizing industries. Englishmen remembered its declaration a year ago that "the supplies of food and other necessaries of life, of water, coal, lighting, and transport, shall be acquired by the state, to be administered nationally or municipally." Englishmen have now been delivered from this impending nightmare.

With regard to questions of agriculture and land, the feeling is also now optimistic instead of pessimistic, as it was when 1924 began. The change is due, first, to the rise in grain prices, and, second, to the announcement that proposed measures will aim at securing an addition of a million acres to the area of arable land.

The next economic cause for satisfaction is that at the year's close the dollar value of sterling touches the highest point registered in a long time.

As to foreign affairs, England is also breathing more freely. The Russian and Egyptian issues show the present Cabinet's course in maintaining British rights abroad with dignity, and the going for the first time of a British Foreign Minister to a League of Nations meeting shows the Cabinet's desire henceforth to be represented in that body by the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs with his proportionate influence.

Twelve months ago Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative Premier, threw away a large Government majority because of an extreme, conscientious personal opinion. This resulted in Liberal action, putting the first Labor Government into office. That Government's record, however, has resulted in returning Mr. Baldwin to power with a huge and homogeneous majority. This is perhaps the year's most striking episode.

Summary

A century hence, when those mature persons, our great-great-grandchildren, talk about our present epoch, they may point to the year of 1924 and say: "That was the year, you know, of the Dawes Plan, later applied to China—thenceforward the influence of America was predominant in the world;"

Or, "In 1924 that grotesque growth they called Bolshevism had its widest sway;"

Or, "Strange, wasn't it? Really representative government, as we understand it, so declined that only a rough-and-ready knight like Mussolini could shake Italy into shape."

Or, "In studying English history the other day I came upon a curious parallel. Twice a political leader became Prime Minister for the second time within a twelvemonth. The first was the third Marquis of Salisbury; the second, Stanley Baldwin—as he was then. Lord Salisbury's first term was seven months and Mr. Baldwin's about the same. But there is a double parallel, because Salisbury's second term was six years and Baldwin's about the same."

Or, "1924—that was the year, they say, when men began to comprehend the horror of war as never before; you remember reading about the efforts of the League of Nations and the concrete result finally attained after the whole world had had its say."

Or, "That was also the year when the world really recovered enough from the Great War to take a definite upward turn, both economic and spiritual. Well, the world has felt the good effect ever since."

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An Old Town

Etchings of Bruges

From the Randolph Collections, New York City

The Church of Notre Dame

This historic church, a fine example of Early Gothic, contains the tomb of Charles the Bold and of his daughter Mary of Burgundy; and among its many marble statues is a group by Michelangelo

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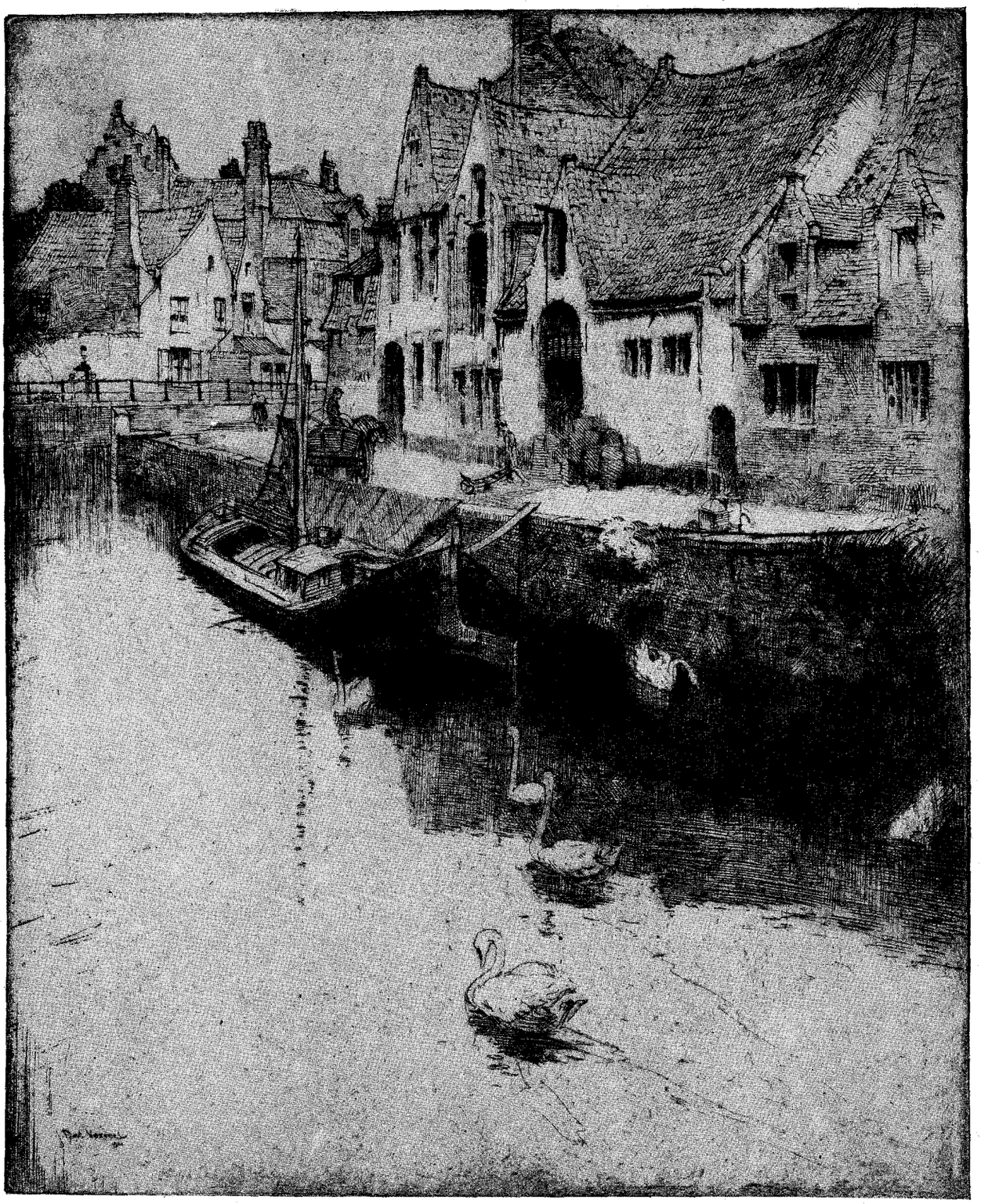
# of Flanders

by J. Paul Verrees



The Swans

The Canals of Bruges form one of its many picturesque features. Their commercial importance is still great, though the days when Bruges was among the leading trading towns of Europe are long past

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The Masque of Being

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE fish-hawk over the water and the gray fish that goes
Glimmering through the water, the preyer and the prey—
They follow or hasten ever; they wrestle together, they close
In the old fearful fashion, in the old fierce way.

Harsh are the rites of being, and bitter is the war
Waged between life and life by the blind will-to-be:
Yet all, if they but knew it, are one—lovers they are
Who strive, each with the other, in a great mystery.

Scarlet Fever Conquered

By DR. WALTER B. JAMES

The plague that has destroyed thousands of homes has been conquered by science. Dr. Walter B. James, one of the foremost American physicians, tells the story of the battle and the victory

A FEW months ago the news came that an antitoxin for scarlet fever had been discovered by Dr. A. R. Dochez, working in a little laboratory at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. The profession is necessarily cautious about accepting any medical discovery, but the serum perfected by Dr. Dochez has now been tested, notably at the New Haven Hospital, until there is no question of its efficacy.

Little do those who read the brief announcement in the morning paper of such a discovery realize either its great import or the years of patient labor of many men which have gone into this scientific conquest. Scarlet fever, which for ages has struck terror into the hearts of mothers and fathers, not only because of the suffering and danger to life which it brings, but also because of the permanent impairments it may effect, has at last become little more than a simple children's complaint for those who will take advantage of the discovery. But the work which culminated in the scarlet fever antitoxin began many years ago and represents the life endeavors of many men.

The mediæval physicians did not distinguish between measles and scarlet fever. It was not until the seventeenth century that the latter came to be known as a separate disease. Both especially attacked children, both were accompanied with high fever, a bright-red rash, and a tendency to severe and often fatal complications. It took many years and the labor of many physicians to classify these symptoms and divide them into two groups, but the result was a conviction that there really were two distinct diseases, each with its own characteristic symptoms. It was found that each had a tendency to attack and injure certain definite parts of the body, and each probably had its own cause; the one, measles, comparatively mild and without much danger to life; the other, scarlet fever, with a much higher mortality and a greater tendency to leave lasting damage behind it, such as deafness, dumbness, impaired eyesight or mentality, and especially inflammation and permanent impairment of the kidneys.

Men puzzled and wondered much what might be the cause of these disorders and many fantastic theories were held, although the belief was advanced at an early date that a poison was at work in the human system. The achievements of Pasteur and Koch in bacteriology strengthened this conviction. A multitude of scientists have since devoted themselves to the investigation of scarlet fever, applying all the knowledge that modern medical education has made available, as well as the data gathered in the past in respect to the disease. So throughout two centuries a great mass of information about scarlet fever has been accumulated, leading up to the discovery within the past few months of the cause and the means of cure and prevention.

Thus the investigation of scarlet fever is a very good example of the beneficent working of medical research, which includes not only the formal investigations of the laboratory but the study and investigation on the part of hundreds of faithful physicians, each one studying his cases with reference to adding to the store of information about the disease as well as with regard to the cure of the patients. So science must be thought of, not as an irregular outburst of brilliant discoveries, but as a steady march onward in which every soldier, however humble may be his lot, contributes his fragment towards the structure of human knowledge and is indispensable to success.

The case of scarlet fever furnishes, too, an example of the fact that discoveries are frequently made simultaneously by a number of research scientists working quite independently and in different places. Dr. G. F. and Dr. G. H. Dick of Chicago and Dr. A. R. Dochez of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, are among the better-known men who were investigating and experimenting with scarlet fever along the same general lines. These men discovered the origin and nature of the disease within a few weeks of one another.

The investigators of scarlet fever

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Dr. A. R. Dochez, a scientist whose laboratory work has resulted in the discovery of a method by which scarlet fever may be controlled

found that the disease is caused by a certain bacterium called the streptococcus, a name that has become familiar to most of the laity in the past few years. There are a great many different strains of the streptococcus, which we recognize chiefly by their effects upon men and animals. The variety in question is called the hemolytic streptococcus because of its power of dissolving the red coloring matter out of the corpuscles of the blood. Having obtained the strain of hemolytic streptococcus that causes scarlet fever, this is grown and preserved on a suitable material, and is then used for further experiments.

All living creatures produce certain characteristic chemical substances in the course of their growth, and these substances when produced by the bacteria of disease and having certain poisonous qualities are called "toxins." They are obtained in the laboratory by allowing the bacteria to grow, usually in a liquid, and then filtering or distilling off the chemical materials from the bacteria themselves. The most familiar example of a bacterial toxin is alcohol, which is produced by the yeast bacterium and which is then distilled off from the mash or mixture of grain in which the bacterium has grown.

When the toxins are injected into animals, they may be said in a general way to produce the symptoms of the disease in question without producing the disease itself. For instance, the toxins of typhoid fever when injected into man give rise to fever and headache, which disappear and leave the patient well after a few hours, when the poison has been eliminated. In typhoid fever itself the bacteria continue to grow in the body, constantly producing more poison, until the disease has run its course in several weeks.

The toxins of scarlet fever are used to test an individual's susceptibility to the disease by the injection of infinitely small quantities and noting the reaction or the symptoms that follow, just as we inoculate with the pollen of various plants to test susceptibility to these in persons with hay fever.

Toxins, then, are the poisons of the disease and produce the symptoms common to the disease after circulating through the blood.

Antitoxins are substances that work against or neutralize the toxins in any given case, and they are produced by the use of the bacteria or the toxins. These are injected into an animal, usually a horse, in increasing doses, until it becomes habituated to them and is no longer made ill by them. The immunity or resistance resides in the blood, which has now developed a defense mechanism against the poison. The animal's blood is then drawn off in small quantities, filtered and purified. This blood is in turn injected into the blood of a man, where it exerts the same protecting influence against the particular toxin by which it was produced as it did in the horse.

This is very briefly the nature and mode of operation of antitoxic serums. The use of an antitoxin in diphtheria has already saved countless lives and has changed the once dreaded and fatal disease to a rather simple complaint if diagnosed early and treated with antitoxin. The discoveries of the Dicks and of Dochez promise to give the same relief from scarlet fever when methods, originated only in 1924, are perfected for this particular disease.

Those who hail these apparently simple results should remember the years of patient labor on the part of many men which they represent. A good analogy is the flight in a machine heavier than air which the Wright brothers made one day. The achievement was acclaimed by the whole world, which thought little of the many apparent failures which led up to it; of Professor Langley's years of experimenting, based upon the study of the flight of the buzzards over the Potomac. Langley died of a broken heart because he never succeeded, but without his pioneer studies the Wrights would probably have failed too. It took more than twenty years to perfect a serum against meningitis, but the results were worth the effort.

There is a dearth to-day of adequate laboratories for the men who are doing the patient work of research. The scientists themselves are devoted, ready to live on small salaries and meager comforts, that they may fight the diseases

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which menace human happiness and lives, but many are handicapped by lack of facilities they need. Dr. Dochez and his assistants worked in a simple laboratory in a hospital building that is thirty-five years old, and the conditions under which they worked are not at all unusual. There is certainly no better way of helping mankind along to-day than by giving the medical research men the tools that they need to conquer those diseases before which we are still helpless.

What Will the McAdoo Democrats Do?

By GEORGE F. MILTON

The great section of the Democratic Party that loyally supported the candidacy of William Gibbs McAdoo has its own views of what the future holds in store for American Democracy. Mr. Milton ably presents the hopes and beliefs of the McAdoo Democrats

DELVERS into the Democratic disaster and formulists for the future of the party are inevitably forced to a consideration of the Madison Square Convention and its part in the succeeding holocaust. Nor can any discussion of that great tragic drama be complete without William Gibbs McAdoo and his loyal followers, who for a hundred ballots held to his name as "the hope of progressive Democracy."

The object of the present paper is not a discussion of the episodes of Madison Square, but an inquiry into the present state of mind of the group which there backed McAdoo. Is the group holding together? What does it stand for now? Are those who constitute it ready to sacrifice the principles and programme for which they stood to maintain party unity? Or are they, if need be, ready to leave the party in order to maintain those principles and that programme? Is that choice presented to them now? Is there any indication that their views are going to prevail in party councils? To what extent are they the followers of a man, and to what extent are they devotees of a political creed?

The adherents of Mr. McAdoo were cohesive to an unbelievable degree, and sufficiently homogeneous geographically and in economic thought to be entitled to the description of a progressive party within the Democratic Party. The McAdoo group was considerably more than the followers of a man. To many of his delegates McAdoo himself was incidental. They looked upon him as the proper, and in fact the only available, instrument for the execution of policies they considered for the best interest of the people.

By and large, the McAdoo group at New York was Southern and Western, and the anti-McAdoo group Eastern and Northern. Many Democrats have held that the party is so diverse that the only sections which can be factored by a high common denominator of communal interest and similar ideals are the West and the South. Certainly McAdoo at New York had the preponderant support of these two sections. They are generally accorded that vague adjective, "progressive." There was common to them a haunting fear of "Wall Street" and the "interests." Their chief sources of livelihood were agricultural or manual and their political policies based on the profit and success of the farmer, the laborer, and the man of small means. They did not subscribe to the specious theory of the East, that the Nation could be prosperous only by large subsidies of special privileges to the few, so that an occasional crumb might fall to the many.

The Claim of the McAdooites

THE leaders of the group which backed Mr. McAdoo at Madison Square have the feeling that the election has demonstrated that the progressive Democrats constitute by far the largest element of the party, and that whenever they are ignored the party is in for a terrific trouncing. This group was made up of several elements, the leaders, in the main, traditional Democrats with liberal leanings. These were of three types—political liberals, with a tinge of internationalism; economic liberals, often excessively nationalist; and a few both political and economic liberals. The rank and file had as a basis many hundreds of thousands of forward-looking folk who were Democrats first and progressives afterwards. These were people who believed that the Democratic Party was, year in and year out, the best instrument for popular government; that it might falter and turn its back momentarily on the principles it usually loved, but that it was sure to come back, and that adherence to it in all circumstances was better than turning to either the refrigerative caution of the standpat Republican or the ill-advised ebullition of the radical zealot.

As I say, there were many hundreds of thousands of these folk behind the McAdoo movement. They followed loyally behind Mr. Davis, and battled for him in the hopeless campaign just finished. But even more hundreds of thousands were progressives first and Democrats second. These men and women, chiefly recruited from the great ranks of the independents, who with party tie merely nominal or without application at all, swing back and forth between the National tickets and determine the fates of our Presidential elections. This immense group did not follow the party when it named Mr. Davis. It had been heart and soul for Mr. McAdoo, not because he was a Democrat, but because he had a liberal soul and a progressive mind, and seemed a fit instrument for the government of the people in the people's interests. They felt that his nomination had been blocked by the special interests, through the Klan shibboleth and the oil subterfuge; they did not take kindly to a domination of the party by Tammany and its concomitant imitators of Chicago, Cleveland, Jersey City, and Boston.

The rank and file of the McAdoo crowd felt that he had been eliminated by the bosses through a contemptible political trick. They had heard of the conversation held some weeks after the Madison Square tragedy between the chief Illinois Democratic boss and the Democratic National Committeeman from a Southern border State:

"Why did you want to bring on that Klan fight in New York, and all that foolishness?" the Southern leader asked the Illinois boss, adding, "It has all but killed the Democratic Party."

"Yes," the boss said, laughing, "it did; but it stopped McAdoo. It was the only chance we had to stop him, and, by Heaven, it worked."

They did not look upon Mr. Davis as the thief of the nomination; they considered him the innocent recipient of stolen goods, personally guiltless; but they forsook the party not only because of the theft, but also because of the apparent "about face" on economic issues.

There were in addition to these classes a great railroad and affiliated labor folk, who were for Mr. McAdoo because of his record of fairness while Director-

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General of the United States Railroad Administration. They felt that McAdoo was an individual possessed of a sense of justice and sympathy which would enable them to secure justice from the Government if he were President. This group, which was ardently behind the former Secretary, had at its command the votes in the Cleveland meeting of the Council for Progressive Political Action to prevent the nomination of any candidate for President against Mr. McAdoo had the Democrats named him. These leaders did not determine to allow Senator La Follette to be nominated until the broils of the Democrats for over a week had demonstrated the importance of the nomination of Mr. McAdoo. This is the group which was disgusted at the New York outcome and went to La Follette in a spirit of protest, in the hope that the Senator's candidacy would scourge both old parties. The McAdoo Democratic leaders believe, however, that this group would again aid the Democratic Party if the McAdoo type of leadership could be secured for the party.

Where the McAdoo Strength Went

THE leadership of the McAdoo movement was to "deliver" the first class with it to Mr. Davis. It was unable to "deliver" the second. The first class gave true and loyal service to the party nominee. They were under no illusions as to the outcome, but they were personal admirers of Mr. Davis. They appreciated his intellectual integrity, and were proud of his achievements. They noted with delight the increasing progressivism of his pronouncements as the campaign continued, and felt that even if he had not started the campaign a thoroughgoing liberal, the campaign made him one. Former McAdoo leaders gave him his chief support in the fight. The anti-McAdoo group, which had negatively named him, made illusory pledges and sulked in their tents. The jesting slogan of Tammany, "A million more for Al than for Davis," was significant.

Now that the election is over and the inevitable has happened, the McAdoo leaders are convinced of one thing: that their group can be and will be reconstituted; that it contains the only element of real vitality in the party; and that, in fact, if the Democratic Party has any future, it is through it. They feel that the group is cohesive; that it has withstood the pull of La Follette amazingly well; far better, in fact, than the reactionary group has withstood the pull of Coolidge and Dawes.

The McAdoo element changed its view-point little during the last campaign. It brought out Mr. McAdoo to liberalize the party and to provide the Nation with a progressive instrumentality of government. The group holds these twin ideals as closely now as it ever did. It has altered its belief, however, that it can ever succeed in the party under present rules—the two-thirds rule and the unit rule. It believes that the reactionary boss group can ever thwart the rank and file by manipulation of a minority under the two-thirds rule. The progressives are determined upon a finish fight on the two-thirds rule, and to end it once for all in 1928.

Why Mr. Davis Failed

THEY believe largely that the past campaign demonstrated that the chief interest of the people politically is economic; that peculations of individuals, outrageous as they were and indicative as they were of widespread rascality and graft in the Federal Administration, were less important to the public than were distribution of wealth, methods of taxation, problems of transportation, and relief of agriculture. Progressive Democrats feel that one of the outstanding reasons for the failure of Mr. Davis's campaign was that he placed the emphasis on the problem of honesty, which, after all, is a personal and individual matter, instead of upon the Nation's economic ills and their solvents.

They believe that the rank and file of the Democratic Party have this view; and that, even more important, it is the only way in which the independent, without party tie, can be reattracted to Democracy.

Those who once constituted the McAdoo progressives have the feeling that parties are of value only as instruments for executing certain governmental concepts. If a political party becomes naught but an agency for office-holding, consistently refuses to aid progress, or falls in the hands of those who are working in the other direction, a slavish adherence to it is naught but folly.

The admirers of the former Secretary, however, do not feel that they are presented with a choice between sacrificing essential principles and programme or leaving the party. They feel that the party has all along been in harmony with these principles, and that it was only the vicious interference of an unscrupulous minority, aided by throttling convention rules, which prevented formal acceptance. They feel further that by a vigorous effort during the next four years these rules can be democratized, and thereby the bosses vetoed. With this done, they are confident that there will be an enthusiastic expression by the party of its accord with the progressive view-point and to a large extent the progressive programme.

The McAdoo group feels, therefore, that there is no present necessity for any consideration of leaving the party. If there should be a conflict between the party label and some really essential ideals or principles, a slavish adherence to party would be of dubious value to either the party or the Nation. But at the present time no such choice confronts us. They believe firmly that the unfortunate fate of the 1924 campaign will so arouse the rank and file of the party to the iniquities of a minority veto that the liberal progressives can and will assume leadership.

The Hope of the Liberals

INDICATIONS are that this liberal view-point is going to be strongly presented, to say the least, in Democratic councils from now on. The openly expressed purpose of Senator La Follette to kill the Democratic Party and consume it in fattening his own putative progressives has alarmed many of the thoughtful conservative leaders, and has made them willing to co-operate in a liberalization of the party to which they never before would agree. It is safe to say that the Democratic anti-progressive element sees before it the choice of liberalization or dissolution; and a great number of its adherents prefer a center party of thoughtful progress, able to temper the asperities of both standpat and parlor pink, to a straight-out choice between these equally dangerous extremes.

On both sides the Atlantic liberal parties to-day travel a rocky road. They are being ground between the upper and nether millstones. English liberals have suffered almost destruction. Any attempt to give liberalism to-day identical interpretations or formulas as in the times of Gladstone and Grover Cleveland, or even Asquith and Woodrow Wilson, is as vain as a struggle in the religious fields to make the Thirty-nine Articles of the theology of Luther, liberal in their time, reflect the beliefs and aims of Bishop Manning or Dr. Fosdick.

Liberalism is not so much a political creed or a programme as it is a view-point. The problems of each generation must be approached with a certain sympathy of understanding and willingness to essay new things. The problems of the age of Thomas Jefferson were in the main individual and political. The oppressors of the past had been kings, governors, political despots. The individual liberties of the individual citizen had been circumscribed and impaired. Consequently, the early Democrats were principally concerned with safeguarding the individual, and these safeguards were

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chiefly of a legal, personal, or political nature. The advent of automatic machinery changed the form of despotism which the world might well fear from the personal to the mechanical; the loom and the Bessemer converter replaced the king or the emir as the despot whose sway men dreaded.

This naturally brought into supreme importance matters of economics; the individualism which had represented the liberal aspect of social issues of 1800 was anything but liberal in 1900. The liberal view-point of the twentieth century demanded a curb upon individual practices, set limits to corporate powers, controlled the practices of individuals, either personal or legal, and regulated their prices, services, and profits for the benefit of the new society.

The group of liberal Democrats who backed Mr. McAdoo are convinced that had Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson lived in this century instead of the last, they would have applied their fundamental liberal democracies to the twentieth-century problems with results not much out of line with the particular programmes of the present-day Democratic progressives. After all, liberalism is a matter of inner faith rather than of strict rituals. It is the view-point which is important, not the programme. And the "McAdoo crowd" believes that its view-point will be accepted by the party, its leadership sought by it, and its conception of governmental duties brought into execution by the next National election.

George Eastman Gives a Habitation to a Dream

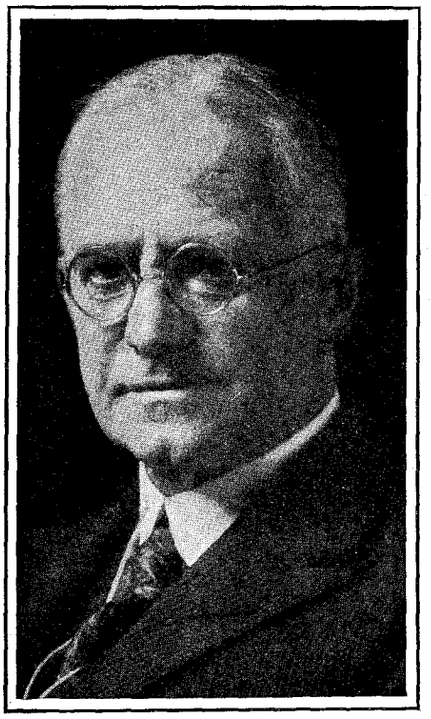
By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

The creative imagination of a business man who "cannot tell one tune from another" builds greatly for American music

OF the high arts—which to most Americans mean painting, music, architecture, and sculpture—the most popular by far in these United States is music. Architecture, to the general, is merely building. Painting is for the comparatively few. Sculpture is for a handful. But music, whether in its purest forms, symphony and chamber music; or in that form which associates it with drama, architecture, painting, dancing, and poetry, and which we roughly call "opera;" or in the ballad form; or, to go lower, in the guise of "jazz," appeals to multitudes.

Even after all that our museums and galleries have done for painting, there are a thousand here who would rather enjoy a song recital, or even a great symphony, for one who desires to feast his eyes on a "Descent from the Cross" of Rubens, a portrait of Rembrandt, or a Madonna of Raphael. Only by the real *intelligentsia* have the master works of sculpture yet been thoroughly appreciated in this country. But between the Atlantic and the Pacific, in countless homes, schools, colleges, theaters, and concert halls, music is cultivated. It is, I think, in the field of music that the creative art of the United States will first find lasting expression.

What is the dream of most poor people in America? First, to be housed and fed well. Next, to be well dressed. And next, to possess a Ford. The longing for good art, for books, for pictures, plays, and music comes soon after. "Movies" and "radios" are now identified more or less with music. And what would a farm be nowadays without a gramophone?



George Eastman—"He has had the intelligence and sympathy to see that music is essential to human happiness"

George Eastman, who had made millions by his Kodak enterprise, has realized the importance of music to the community. Though, as he told me only a few weeks ago and as he has told others since, he is utterly ignorant of music and incapable (if we may take him literally) of distinguishing between one tune and another, he has had the intelligence and, I may add, the generous sympathy to see that music is essential to civilization and to human happiness.

So, in the distribution during his lifetime of a great fortune amassed by industry, one of his chief objects has been the development and upbuilding of American music by the education of American singers and instrumentalists of many kinds; the encouragement of symphony, chamber music, and opera; and the building of three wonderful new homes for art, closely connected with one another, at Rochester, New York, known as the Eastman School, Kilbourne Hall (named after Mr. Eastman's mother), and the Eastman Theatre.

While the Juillard Musical Foundation, with twenty million dollars (including accumulated interest on the original fifteen million dollars bequeathed it for the advancement of music), has been "planning," and babbling, and marking time for about five years, with the possibility of evolving a mouse as the offspring of a mountain in labor, Mr. Eastman has, quietly and modestly, accomplished what may (and, as I believe, will) prove the beginning of a musical revolution.

He has gathered about him a group of advisers, secured the co-operation of famous conductors, opened his school to students, engaged teachers (some of whom seem excellent), and actually organized a Symphony Society. This society has already one New York appearance to its credit and will be heard again this season. Nor is this all, or nearly all, that within a year or two he has achieved. He has formed a string quartette, recruited an all-American opera company, and given performances of well-known operas, publicly and privately. Lastly,

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The Eastman Theatre—" without exception the most beautiful, the most dignified, the most tasteful structure of the kind in this country "

with a clear eye to the future and a keen sense for what our fashionables in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere have so stupidly and persistently ignored, he has laid down the rule that only English, the National language, should be sung in American opera houses. This, at least, is what he has insisted on in his own theater.

Here, surely, we have a "record." No wonder that the enterprise of Mr. Eastman in Rochester (a city of only 300,000 inhabitants, remote from the metropolis) has compelled attention throughout the United States and is being talked of, as I know, with astonishment and admiration even in Europe. The example it has set will ere long be imitated in many of our great cities. And, unless precedents mean nothing, within twenty years only our smaller towns will be without their opera houses, their symphony hall, and their conservatory.

"You are an optimist." Well, I hope so. But I am not a visionary. What I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and was told by associates of Mr. Eastman (after a long talk with that gentleman himself) has confirmed me in my optimism.

It was cheering enough to listen to a more than satisfactory performance of two acts of "Boris Goudounow," in which the parts of the three principals concerned were sung so plainly and expressively that every syllable was understandable. It was equally stimulating to find a young American orchestra of forty-five able to do justice to the music of Moussorgsky, and directed by Eugene Goossens, the most brilliant and perhaps most able of living English conductors. And it was not at all discomfiting to find that, while the costumes worn by the chief singers and the subordinates (all young Americans) were correct enough, the scenery was simplified and merely suggestive of Russian interiors. "Boris Goudounow" was followed by "Pagliacci," which, to be frank, was interpreted neither as clearly nor as intelligently as the Russian opera. The English words, when they could be caught (which was but seldom), seemed rather senseless, and though the orchestra, under Mr. Frank Waller, did bravely, there was scarcely a hint of Italy in the costumes of the "Italian" peasants, the strolling players, or the stage settings.

"Faust," "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and later, in March, "Carmen" will be presented during this first experimental season of opera in English in the Eastman Theatre. Next season more works, familiar frequenters of the Metropolitan, will be added to the Rochester repertory. And the young company may go on tour through the country. Faults as well as merits are of course observable in the efforts of the Rochesterians. Their "English" is, just now, still far from English. Their interpretations, their attempts at characterization, are still rather amateurish. Their costumes now and then seem to embarrass them. In their anxiety to be dramatic, they overdo what is technically termed their "business." Too many gestures. Too much movement. Too much by-play. Opera is, after all, only a conventionalized form of drama, with music added. But it is not easy in a few months, even under the guidance of an expert like Mr. Vladimir Rosing, for a group of budding artists (still largely students) to keep the balance between the demands of acting and singing in opera. It is amazing, on the whole, that they should have gone so far toward artistry in the short time during which they have been working together.

Two thousand Rochesterians attended the performance of which I speak, and encouraged the performers by their applause.

The opera house (it is really an opera house, though it is called a "Theatre") is without exception the most beautiful, the most dignified, the most tasteful structure of the kind in this country. Millions, I am assured, have been spent on it and on the adjoining Eastman School. The auditorium, as vast as that of the New York Metropolitan, accommodates between three and four thousand people. Marble enters largely (perhaps too largely) into the construction of the house. There are no boxes and no side seats in the building. On either side are unobtrusive but pleasing frescoes by American painters. The stage (which was designed for moving-picture purposes) is, as it stands, decidedly too small for opera. It will need enlarging. The domed roof, simple in character and lighted by a handsome chandelier, adds to the harmony of the

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Eastman auditorium. Much of the luxury which marks the whole interior might more profitably have been devoted to the encouragement of American composers and the maintenance of the orchestra. "La mariée est trop belle"? Maybe the French adage fits.

No adverse criticism need be wasted on the chamber-music hall, next door. It is a model of what a concert room should be. I fancy the architect who designed Kilbourne Hall was to some extent inspired by the Munich Kunst-Theater. The School of Music proper is provided with vast classrooms, up-to-date instruments, and (I should have put this first) good teachers, headed by Mr. Hanson, an American, who has not as yet had time to prove his efficiency.

The immediate future of the vast Eastman venture will no doubt depend on Mr. Hanson; on the conductors—Mr. Eugene Goossens, his London rival, Mr. Albert Coates, and Mr. Frank Waller; on the professors of singing and instrumental music, of whom some are known beyond Rochester, notably one, Miss Marion Weed, who sang Kundry very well at the Metropolitan; on Mr. Rosing and his associates; and on the administrative staff, including Mr. A. M. See, which has been chosen with much care by Mr. Eastman.

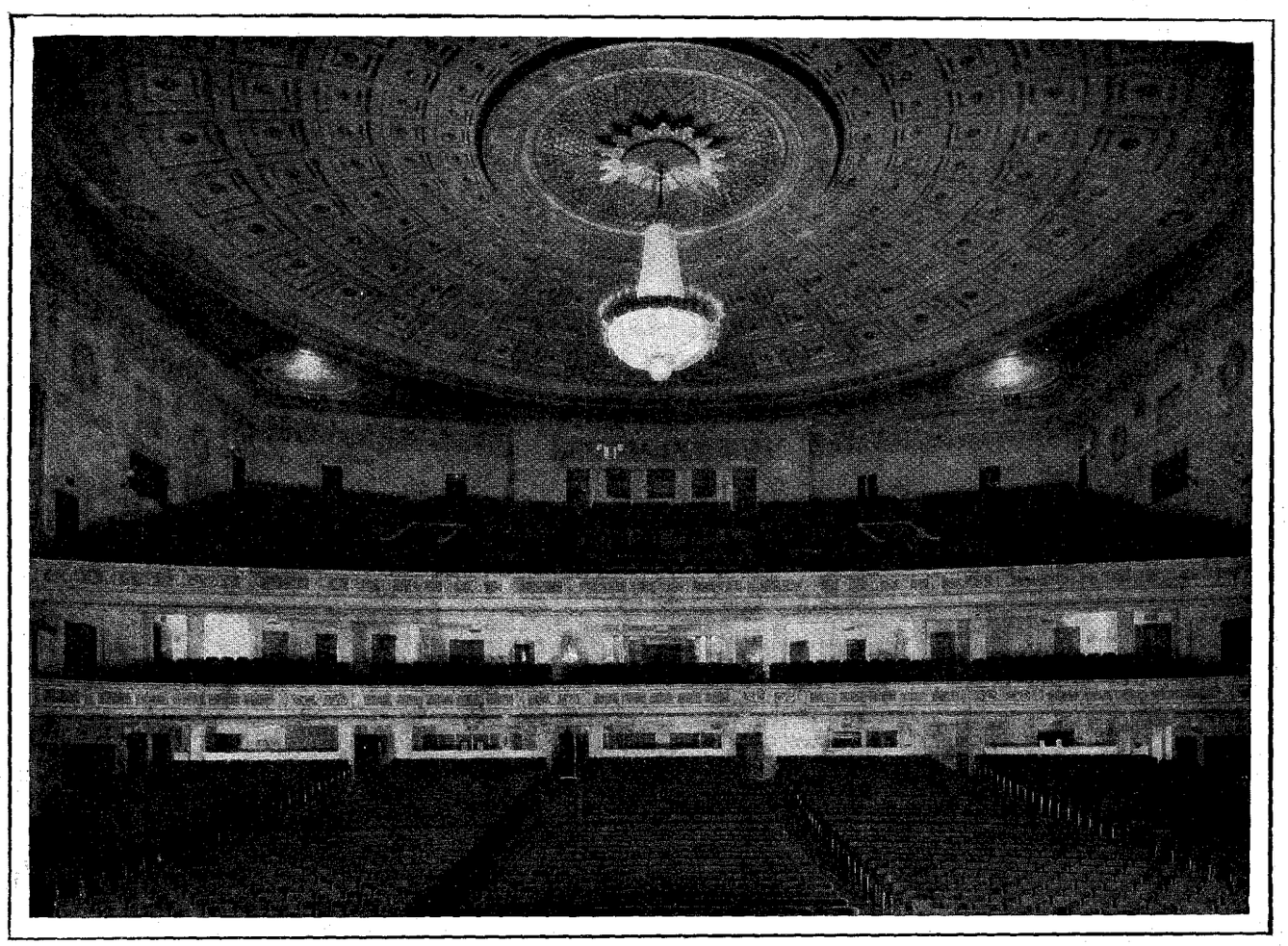
Above all, it will depend on Mr. Eastman; on his devotion and tenacity. Though at present he has found it advisable to call for foreign aid in the realization of his admirable plans, his aim is to build up a truly American institution, worthy of America and consecrated to American art.

Being, as he admits, quite unmusical, he has sought counsel both officially and unofficially of those who are musical by taste or directly busied with music. Some are men whose aims and interests clash violently with those of Mr. Eastman. All are not as eager as he is to see the upbuilding of American opera. Some might not mourn much if it "never happened." And it *may* never happen if something besides the clear singing of foreign operas in good English is not included in Mr. Eastman's scheme. One object to be steadily kept in mind should be the encouragement of American composers of opera, who are so strangely and unfeelingly ignored now (though they have occasionally and rather indiscriminately been "patronized" in the recent past) at the Metropolitan. Symphony and other forms of music by Americans are allowed a chance at the Eastman School, which, as I have omitted to mention, is connected with the University of Rochester.

To judge from one interview with him and from what he has already accomplished, Mr. Eastman is not in the least likely to be diverted from his artistic purposes by the croakings of Job's comforters. He impressed me as a shrewd, dogged, earnest, unpretending man, with ideas of his own, but willing to assimilate and to profit by the experience of others.

"They tried to discourage me," said he to me in his office at the Eastman Theatre, "when I insisted on films in kodaks. But they did not influence me."

The Eastman School, with the Theatre and Kilbourne Hall, has grown gradually like the Rochester Symphony and what has lately been incorporated as the Rochester American Opera Company. A small nucleus of musicians for the orchestra has been enlarged, quite successfully, from local theater orchestras. No stars or even thoroughly trained singers have been admitted to the opera company, the object of the management being to form and weld together an *ensemble* rather than to develop remarkable soloists. In this respect the ideal of



Interior of the Eastman Theatre—"The auditorium, as vast as that of the New York Metropolitan, accommodates between three and four thousand people"

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the Rochesterians is the antithesis of that favored at the New York Metropolitan.

The Eastman Theatre is as a rule used for moving pictures, concerts, and recitals, which help to pay the cost of opera. And this reminds me that the highest price charged for any seat in the mezzanine (or lower balcony) to subscribers is one dollar and a quarter.

When I talked with him, Mr. Eastman was good enough to ask what hope I saw for the success of his undertaking.

"If you stick to it, as of course you will," I answered, "within three years you will have assured its success, put your opera company on a firm footing, and deserved the gratitude of Americans."

Nor was this flattery. Though still only in its cradle, and with much to learn, the Eastman School, with its dependencies, is not only of local but also of National importance.

A Religious House-Party

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

"F. B." of Harold Begbie's "More Twice-Born Men" tries an experiment in religion which catches the imagination of the younger generation

QUIETLY and without publicity there has been progressing in the eastern part of this country these past few years a movement for personal religion. Its leader is a man whose concern is neither with institutions nor with great masses of people, but with the individual. His message is the essence of simplicity. With theology he has little concern; none of the mooted points of our present fiery controversy are to him of major importance. "Find God," he says; "get things right between you and him; then pass on the experience of that comradeship to others while you live under divine guidance." He is the mysterious "F. B." of Harold Begbie's "More Twice-Born Men," but there is really nothing mysterious about Frank Buchman. For years he has given his life to Christian work in and out of the colleges of England and America. He has made, let it be said frankly, many enemies, but he has won for himself many fast friends, men for whom contact with Frank Buchman meant a turning-point in their lives, a compelling lesson in the "practice of the presence of God."

The method employed by Mr. Buchman is that of gathering together for a week-end house-party men and women (sometimes both, sometimes men or women) who are willing to give a few days to quiet thought and discussion of religion. Religious house-parties! Religious house-parties which college men from Princeton, Yale, Williams, and Harvard, girls from Vassar and Smith, debutantes from Baltimore and Boston, and stranger-guests of all ages and from many States have attended!

I know of few things harder to describe with accuracy and fairness than one of these gatherings. Men who have attended them have told me how impossible it is to give to another a reasonably truthful picture and impression of the party; and the result is that a flock of wild rumors have risen and multiplied until to-day there are some who profess to believe that the parties are orgies of sex stories or prolonged cases of hysteria, and that the total influence of the movement is pernicious. These rumors have, I believe, been spread by those who, knowing the work only at second hand—for they refuse to investigate it for themselves—have consciously or unconsciously misrepresented facts, or drawn conclusions on isolated examples. The methods employed by Mr. Buchman and his leaders have in some cases brought unwholesome results, but it is manifestly unfair to emphasize these to the exclusion of the hundreds of cases of men and women who through Mr. Buchman's help have renewed those contacts which are the heart of religion. Inasmuch as these house-parties are so difficult to describe, may I take the liberty of setting down in addition to my observations my personal impressions of the one which I visited?

The first house-party for Harvard men was held in March of last year, and so popular did it prove that five others were arranged near Boston, before the end of the academic year, to which Harvard men were among those invited. I was eager to check the curious stories of approbation and disapprobation which had reached me, and accepted with alacrity an invitation to spend the first week-end of April at South Natick, a tiny beauty-spot near Wellesley, easy of access from Boston.

I had been reading Mr. Sedgwick's thoughtful volume, "Pro Vita Monastica," and the promise of a few days away from the hurry of "academic leisure," days free for deeper thoughts than most days seem to allow, pleased me. I journeyed with two Harvard graduate students to the South Natick Inn, and we laughed as we signed the register of "wandering scholars in search of religion." Above the signatures some one had written of the house-party these words:

> An effort to get people to think along right lines, to lead a constructive rather than an aimless and selfish existence, and achieve victory over one's self, to get contact with God, to help America and help the world.

The guests at the house-party gathered at dinner on Friday evening, some thirty-five in number. There were additions and subtractions during the following days, but the number remained substantially the same. After dinner word was passed that there would be a meeting in the parlor of the Inn at seven-thirty, for those guests who might care to come. Everything was most informal, and at no time was any attempt at coercion made. We gathered—Harvard undergraduates and graduate students, Worcester business men, a vestryman from St. Thomas's Church in New York, a professor of theology, and a freshman from Bowdoin—crowding in circles about the fireplace. Until eleven we sat there, while a few of the leaders spoke informally of the purpose of the party, and each member of the group briefly introduced himself. We were asked to give our names and addresses and our reasons for coming. One poor man, less well informed than the rest, had the notion gained from the name of the leader that he was getting into a literary gathering, but he hastened to add: "I like what you're doing, and I'll stay." Curiosity, interest, boredom with college, skepticism of the movement—all of these were reasons offered, but curiously the prevailing reason given was that "my roommate Jack went on a house-party a month ago, and came back with something he didn't have when he went. I want to know what it is;" or, "My friend So-and-so has a power in his life which makes mine seem poor in com-

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parison; and he says it's religion. I doubt it, but I've come to see."

Humor? There was humor aplenty, and the group was entertained hugely by stories of the various members—but they were discussing religion, discussing it with all the ease and humor and naturalness with which they might have discussed the coming election. That was the miracle: no feeling of something uncanny, no conscious emotional exhilaration, no pious solemnity, but perfect naturalness.

That, I suppose, is why we find it hard to describe a religious house-party, for we Americans except in moments extraordinary do not speak our innermost thoughts; and when we discuss religion we put forth frantic efforts to keep the discussion impersonal. Like the Samaritan woman at the well, we are prone to raise theological questions when religious discussion touches the intimate places of our lives. But these students and business men were discussing religion very personally, for their "I's" were searching.

When the first evening gathering broke up, the men divided themselves into small groups and wandered off into the night. I went with three others, and I can still clearly recall the quiet of that walk as we discussed what had taken place and recognized that something admirable which certain, at least, of the leaders possessed.

The programme of the second day called for a "quiet time" at eight o'clock, for those, again, who cared to come, "a quiet time in which God can say, 'Hello!'" "Spiritual silence" is one of the major points in Frank Buchman's endeavor—time alone with God. He delights to tell of a post-card sent him during the war with the picture of a donkey and this caption: "Man has two ears and one mouth; therefore let him hear twice as much as he says." Mr. Buchman's criticism of our prayers is that they are one-sided; we tell God what we desire, and then leave for the day without offering him a chance to speak his will for us. It is Mr. Buchman's purpose to begin each morning with an hour of silence that he may "get his orders for the day." Whether we explain this experience as the direct intervention of Deity or, resorting to psychology, as the action of our own subconscious selves, such meditation, if regularly and sincerely practiced, brings its spiritual enrichment.

An academic appointment called me back to Cambridge, so that I missed the group and the morning meeting. I returned soon after luncheon only to find the Inn empty; the men were out on the river canoeing, or up in the hills hiking.

Some of the men who were present at a house-party held in South Natick Inn. Mr. Buchman, who has made religion a sociable affair, is the third from the right in the back row

About four o'clock they drifted back for the afternoon group. That was a story-telling meeting (although stories were absent at none of the meetings), with several of the leaders giving the best bits of their experience as to how God had used men to enrich other men's lives. One of our most puzzling questions today is how can men know the will of God; throughout the gathering the story-tellers were pointing out the way by which they, as well as other men, had found answers to this question.

Mr. Buchman opened the evening meeting with the emphasis on the value of sharing experiences—the so-called "Confessional Meeting." No other part of Mr. Buchman's programme has received quite so much adverse criticism, nor been so misrepresented, if it is fair to judge from the knowledge of a single house-party. "Sin," says Mr. Buchman, "is anything which keeps us from God or from the other fellow." It may be something heinous, or it may be something comparatively trivial, such as intellectual pride or a "play-it-safe conservatism," but in any case until it is recognized and banished the full stature of personality can never be gained. One aid toward banishing it is to bring it out into the open—that is, to "share" it with another.

There was no morbidity in the conversational talks of the evening; I felt no emotional pressure, although I was keenly moved by certain things which were said. It was an exchange of experiences for mutual benefit, and I for one profited by the experiences of those who spoke. And yet I am aware of the dangers courted by such methods. Those who speak need to guard against that feeling of self-righteousness which is so likely to follow public confession, as well as against interpreting the sense of relief which comes with disclosure as satisfactory restitution or forgiveness. But the meeting was valuable for whetting one's consciousness of sin—understanding by sin anything which hurts life. There was for many of us a clearer recognition of the little gray-hued acts which we do so often without question or thought. Often the matters mentioned were seemingly inconsequential. One student from the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School was bothered by a small custom tax evaded by having some vestments intended for personal use sent to the church; another student was troubled for handing in a review of a book which he had only partially examined. In other cases there were graver sins confessed, sins of the flesh; but again there was no pressure brought to bear upon any one to mention that which he felt should not be told.

One young law student said: "I am in no sense conscious of sin. I came through the custom offices a while ago and undervalued my luggage. It seemed to me a good trick, and I still admire it. Is something wrong with me?" No attempt was made in the open group to answer his question, but we all admired his candor.

Here was a spiritual clinic; here were men interested in learning the A B C's of religion. For the Protestant there is no infallible Church; and for an increasing number of Protestants there is no infallible Bible. God speaks to the individual, but how can he be heard unless the individual listens? It is Mr. Buchman's belief that in moments of quiet "luminous thoughts," "dynamic

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thoughts," "hunches" (he calls them by all these names), come, offering specific guidance for the day. Each thought he would check whenever possible by conference with others or by the daily happenings of life, that he may not act without judgment. "No hunch is a hunch from God unless it is a good hunch." That is the meaning of the phrase "God-guidance."

The afternoon and evening meetings were likewise studies in a spiritual technique. And with the close of the evening group came the end of the house-party. It was as strangers that we gathered, but it was as friends that we parted. Some had come a little contemptuous, others skeptical, and still others with nothing but a conventional religion. But we separated, as a Princetonian has written of a later house-party—

with the odor of the supernatural lingering in our nostrils, many with a new kind of faith and a new kind of peace, and everybody with the subdued feeling which usually accompanies a great cascade of new knowledge about yourself, of realization that there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—

I have tried to describe very simply what I observed at the house-party and to offer some personal impressions. I have left unsaid things which might have been said, for criticism comes temptingly easy when one speaks of the matters of the spirit, and Mr. Buchman would, I know, be the first to recognize that his methods are fallible and that his work has been marred by mistakes. To me the house-party was a very vital, constructive force; I shall not soon forget the days of its fellowship; but for myself (and in this I know I am voicing the sentiment of others who were at the South Natick Inn) I crave a larger expression of reason, a more conscious union of intellect and the desirable "mystic experience." The college man's intellectual problems are not always "smoke-screens" for an unworthy life, as certain leaders are wont to say. To many students the difficulties are genuine obstacles which must be removed before progress can be made. If with the "fine feeling" engendered by the house-party there could be combined the cooling reason, there would result, I believe, a safer, saner, and steadier attitude of life. But to point out what appears to one observer to be a lack is not to condemn, but merely to suggest what may be a means toward achieving more satisfying success.

Our Feeble-Minded Intellectuals

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THE word intellectual was at first used to define those people who were assumed to have more brains than others, united with learning.

The intellectuals were a small group of men who delivered opinions on every subject under the sun, reinforcing those opinions by references to books, in order to show that they were possessed of wide scholarship.

These so-called intellectuals then began to acquire a socialistic trend; among them were anarchists, bolshevists, revolutionists, and other milder forms of radicalism. Thus this term, to those who went about their business and cared little for fancy thinking, came to be one of reproach. The meaning attached to it went over from one of superior mental attainments to one of danger to society. An intellectual came to be a man with a copy of Marx's "Capital" in one hand and a bomb in the other.

When, therefore, we think of an intellectual, we must divide him into two classes, namely, the so-called radical, and the one who, so far as society is concerned, is quite harmless but who considers himself superior. It is to this last class that I call attention. And there are two marks by which he can always be distinguished. First, he writes! and, second, he delivers opinions. For instance, Charles Dickens would hardly be called an intellectual. While it is undoubtedly true that he held strong opinions, he did not "deliver" them, just as opinions. They were incidental to his main purpose, which was to produce works of art. And even here he made no attempt to be a literary artist, but, quite simply and naturally and inevitably, poured out his great stories unconsciously.

And so it may be said of all story writers, of poets and dramatists, that they are subject to a universal law which compels them to express themselves—the novelist to weave his tale, the poet to sing, etc.

The intellectual, however, is quite a different bird. He is not alone a critic, but an oracle. "When I ope my mouth," he declares, "let all men be silent."

The result is that the intellectual is coming to be the most discredited factor in modern life, and he is dragging the legitimate critic with him. His tendency is to become more feeble-minded all the time, because he has nothing to build upon. He constructs nothing; his mind is destructive, not creative.

In every large city in this country there is an intellectual set, each one of them ingrowing, because they never get outside of their own groups. They have no means of checking up their opinions with the consensus of the majority. The result is that the illusion that they amount to something grows more definite all the time. The fact is that they amount to less than nothing.

A fair proportion of these men, who have come to be known as intellectuals, possessed, in the beginning, good, average brains. But they took to themselves others of their tendency and thus in time shut themselves off from the people. For instance, an intellectual will solemnly declare that in this country there is no art, no music, no literature, nothing but vulgarity and hopeless mediocrity; the fact is that art and music and literature exist everywhere in this country just as they do wherever there are folks. We are both vulgar and refined, noble and ignoble, honorable and dishonorable, honest and dishonest, just as people are everywhere.

And what do we, the people of America, really want, take us as we are?

We want, first, to make a decent living, undisturbed by the pricks of conscience. Yes, we have a conscience. We don't want to feel that we are making a living at the expense of others. We are ready and willing to maintain ourselves and to fight for ourselves, but we have a very strong impulse to be decent about it.

We want, second, to know how to make ourselves better. We want to learn. We don't want opinions, unless they are backed by facts, and even then we don't want them. If we can get the facts, we are capable of forming our own opinions, rather than to have them ladled out to us by a small group of smart Alecks, who praise one another and damn the rest of the world.

That is about the way we feel, and the sooner the intellectuals among us find it out, the better for them. If they don't find it out pretty soon, we propose to can them.

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An Old Friend of Father's

By GEORGE WITTEN

A pretty girl, a tombstone salesman, and a son of the idle rich are too much for Jimmie Nelson

WHAT can a man, twenty-one, do on thirty dollars a week? Fifteen for board at home, lunches, carfare, laundry, didn't leave much for clothes and holding your end up with the crowd. Jimmie Nelson felt aggrieved. He had always worked hard and played the game, but he just didn't have a chance.

He had been satisfied, and looked forward to the promotion in the Adamant Insurance Company that he felt sure would come. If only Kitty Morgan had been content with the simple entertainment he could afford to give her and wait till he got his salary raised. But recently she had treated him like a back number. She gave all her time to Joe Rennalls, the town sport, who always dressed in the latest cake-eater style, carried a flask on his hip, and had oodles of money—that his father gave him.

Jim knew he could lick Joe in a fair fight. He wished dueling was allowed—he'd challenge Joe, and they'd meet at daybreak on the Palisades and settle the thing. He wouldn't care if Joe did shoot first and kill him—he'd just as soon be dead.

It was lunch time, and Jimmie was heading for his favorite cafeteria. He had been cutting down on lunches in an effort to keep up with the flash Joe. Behind him walked a portly stranger, who had followed him from the door of the insurance office. At the cafeteria Jim took his place in line—the stranger right behind him. As they moved up the stranger crowded Jim and stepped on his heel, then apologized profusely. Jim wished he had not apologized. He was in a mood to punch some one on the nose. But the jovial face and friendly voice disarmed him of his hostile spirit, and he accepted the apology with a grunted, "That's all right."

"Big crowd here to-day," said the stranger. "This place gets more popular all the time. Been eating here long?" He was smiling, and his dancing eyes beamed on Jim.

"I eat here when I'm in a hurry," conceded Jim, trying to hold his gaze straight ahead, but the stranger's eyes were drawing his toward him.

"Wonder how the roast beef is. Think I'll try some—looks tasty." The stranger babbled on as they passed down the counter. "Say, that strawberry shortcake's too good to pass up. Here, have one on me. I'll take two on my tray and give you one when we sit down."

"Naw, don't do that," said Jim, but the stranger wouldn't be put off.

"Here's my card," he said, as they sat down at a corner table.

Jim took the card and read:

EMPIRE TOMBSTONE COMPANY

Thomas Baxter	38 Broadway
Salesman	N. Y. City

"Gee-wiz! What a business! Selling tombstones!" exclaimed Jim.

"Not so bad when you know the game," laughed Baxter. "What's your line?"

"I'm with the Adamant Insurance Company. Say, can you really make a living selling tombstones?"

"Surest thing you know. Everybody buys tombstones. All you have to do is to find out when people die and if their folks have got any money."

Baxter was full of funny stories, and for the time being Jim forgot all about Kitty and the hated Joe Rennalls. He began to wonder if he wouldn't do better for himself if he quit his job and went in for selling tombstones, and was about to express this thought to Baxter when that glib individual suddenly made him a proposition.

"Say, you and I can do some business. I'm glad we happened to meet. You can tip me off with the names of people who get insurance money. They're the ones who buy tombstones."

"And where do I come in?"

"I'll give you a dollar apiece for every name you give me; but they must be real names, and have all the dope with them."

"You just mean names of people around New York."

"No, I don't. Let me have them from any part of the United States. We have agents all over the country, and I get a commission on any names I turn in if they're sold."

This sounded good to Jim. "Why, gee-wiz!" he said; "some days we have twenty-five or thirty names, and always several."

"That's all right. You bring me a hundred names, and you get a hundred dollars cash." Baxter displayed a fat roll of bills. "Here's the money waiting for you."

Baxter took both checks as they rose from the table. "I'm paying for this," he said; "you can pay some other time. Meet me here to-morrow, and bring me all of this week's names."

Jimmie was treading on air. He'd show that cheap sport, Joe Rennalls! And this would be his own money. Not some that his father had given him.

Every day at noon Jimmie met Baxter and exchanged a list of insurance beneficiaries for a roll of money. He did not know that a detective was watching these meetings.

He bought himself a new outfit of clothes, took Kitty to see all the latest plays and to the best places for suppers and dances. He was more than holding his own with Joe Rennalls. Life was running merrily along in one round of joy. Then suddenly Kitty's father died. He had carried a large policy with the Adamant Company, which left Kitty and her mother well provided for.

A few evenings after the funeral Jimmie went to call on Kitty. As he neared the house he saw Baxter come out and get into an automobile and drive away.

"Did Baxter sell your mother a tombstone?" he asked, when he was seated alone with Kitty.

"A tombstone! I don't understand. Mr. Baxter is an old friend of father's. He has helped mother to invest father's insurance money so that we will have a good income."

"Yes, but Baxter sells tombstones."

"He does? Why, that's funny. Mother spoke to him about a stone for father's grave, and he didn't say a word about selling them. Do you know him?"

"I've met him." Jimmie sensed that something was wrong. "Have you known him very long?" he asked.

"Mother and I never met him until after father died. Just a few days ago Mr. Baxter called for father on the telephone. Mother answered, and told him about father's death. He was terribly shocked, and came right out to see us. He's been awfully kind, doing everything he can to help us. He had known father for years."

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"Did he tell you what his business is?"

"Why, I think he is some kind of a broker. He has made a lot of money on stocks and bonds. He gave mother some very valuable and secret information, and helped her to buy good stock with father's insurance money. He says we will never have to bother about money again. We're very happy over it, because at first we thought I would have to find work. Now I won't have to, and can go on with my music."

"What is the stock your mother bought?"

"I'm sorry Jimmie, but I mustn't tell you. Mr. Baxter made us promise we wouldn't tell a soul."

Jimmie didn't know anything about stocks, good or bad, but he felt very uncomfortable about Baxter. He remembered that Mrs. Morgan's name was on one of the lists he had recently given to him, and therefore he should have known that Mr. Morgan was dead. It looked funny. Jimmie made up his mind to find out more about Baxter.

Early the next day he went to 38 Broadway. No one there knew of Baxter or the Empire Tombstone Company. Jimmie showed the card Baxter had given him to the elevator starter.

"Guess it's a fake," said the starter. "No such outfit has ever been in this building."

Jimmie went to his own office with a terrible feeling of impending disaster.

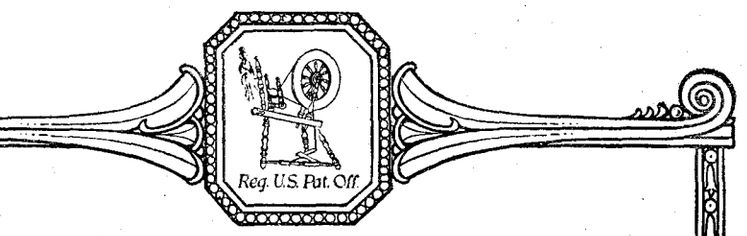
"The manager wants to see you, Nelson," said a clerk, as he entered a few minutes late. There was something in the clerk's tone that did not add to Jim's comfort.

"Well, Nelson," said the manager, looking at him with pitying scorn, "we had plans to promote you to a high position of trust, but instead we are going to fire you. You've been selling the names of our beneficiaries to one of the worst crooks in America. Here's your pay. Now leave here, and don't come back."

"Why, I—ah," stammered Jim, "I only gave some names to a man named Baxter, who sells tombstones."

"Tombstones! Fiddlesticks!" thundered the manager. "Baxter's already served time, and the authorities are after him again. You'll be lucky if you're not indicted by the next Grand Jury for helping to defraud people in stock swindles."

For weeks Jimmie walked the streets with empty pockets hunting for work. Then one morning he answered an advertisement that called for young men and women to address envelopes. In the great crowd that stood in the hallway waiting for a chance at the work he found Kitty—she too was hunting a job.



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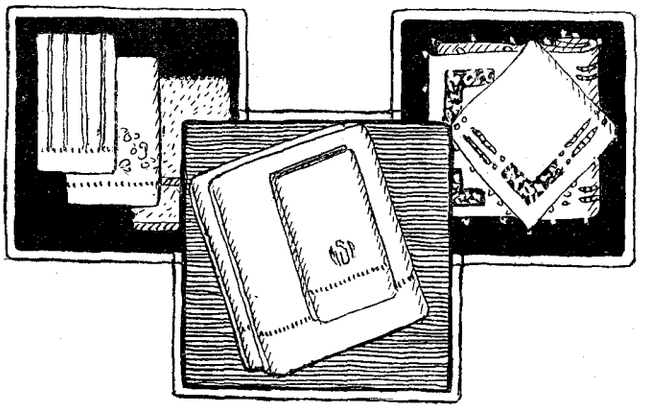

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The Book Table

John Muir

A Review by Le Roy Jeffers, F.R.G.S.

With Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn we agree that John Muir's name is destined to be immortal. Accordingly, Professor William Frederic Badè has rendered important service to present and future lovers of nature in collecting this new material and in weaving it into a sympathetic account of Muir's life.[1] He has devoted years of patient work to these volumes, and has further interesting matter which should be published.

It has often seemed to us that John Muir lived and wrote for future generations that shall have a clearer perception of nature and of its Creator. As it were, Muir saw and felt God expressing himself through his creation, and he experienced in some measure the divine joy of the Father. Fear of anything in nature was unknown to him, for he became an understanding friend of all life. Naturally his thought and writing requires a similar view-point if one would fairly estimate his contribution to humanity.

So truly and highly did Muir appreciate and respect the individuality of tree and flower that his own nature became great through his love for them. He was the keenest of observers, and in all his scientific study he sought to discover how God is assisting each plant and bird, as well as each man and woman, to attain the fullest and finest expression of life. Such an attitude of mind opens the soul to perceive the inner things of nature, and in an increasing degree to experience the friendship of God.

Very illuminating are the early chapters of this book in their portrayal of the boyhood of Muir and of the sternly Puritanical treatment to which he was subjected. On his Wisconsin farm the elder Muir soon decided to give all his time to Bible study, leaving all the heavy work to John and his brother David. From eleven to twenty-two years of age John had practically no opportunity for schooling; and in order to secure time for reading and mechanical invention he regularly arose at one o'clock in the morning. It is little wonder that he turned from a completely misunderstanding earthly parent to his heavenly Father, who respects the freedom of will that he has given to each child. His parents labored under a mediæval conception of the Bible, which feared the wrath to come and doomed the majority to outer darkness. They thought that their son's ardent study of God's work in nature was wasted time, while he believed that in this way he was finding the Eternal. Although the boy worked unceasingly on the farm, the father industriously applied the rod. This fanatical method of child beating, with the excuse that it is spiritually beneficial to the victim, may have been responsible for Muir's lifelong hatred of cruelty in any form. In 1913 he wrote, "I never did intentional injustice to any human being or animal."

For lack of space we must omit account of his college days and the fascinating story of his botanical expeditions, one of which involved a thousand-mile walk to the Gulf of Mexico. Fearlessly he obeyed his inner urge to reach the highest and finest in life, regardless of the commercial aspects involved. His keenly analytical mind had cast aside the grim theology of his parents, and he looked on the Bible as a progressive revelation of God in man. Muir believed God to be immediately at work in all his creation, and he rose to the spiritual consciousness of that fact.

To all who know and love the mountains of California it would appear that Muir's acquaintance with them was divinely arranged; for their supreme beauty is worthy of a prophet so unique. On his arrival by steamer at San Francisco, he set out afoot for the Yosemite Valley, where we find him enchanted with the flowers, trees, and birds, and the glaciers, rocks, and waterfalls that led him into the heart of the glorious mountains. His journals and letters burst into rapturous descriptions of this earthly paradise, which he was to love and cherish for a lifetime.

Fortunate, indeed, if a soul so rare as his meet another that is worthy to appreciate and encourage it. At college Muir had found a spiritual friend in the wife of a professor, Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr. To her motherly interest we owe much of the material just published, for Muir poured out his joy in letters which she preserved. It was due to her insight that Muir finally wrote for publication, and almost at once became famous in the scientific world for his glacial and botanical studies, and in the literary world for the beauty of his descriptive powers.

With only a bag of bread and a blanket he wandered alone for hundreds of miles, climbing many 14,000-foot peaks and exploring the magnificent canyons of the range. Joyfully he writes, "I am hopelessly and forever a mountaineer." Muir knew and loved the Sierra Nevada as no other man, and his books convey their innermost spirit to the reader as no one else has succeeded in doing. Year after year found him early and late in his beloved Yosemite; and in November he writes to his friends the Carrs, who had moved to California: "I must return to the mountains—to Yosemite. I am told that the winter storms there will not be easily borne, but I am bewitched, enchanted, and to-morrow I must start for the great temple to listen to the winter songs and sermons preached and sung only there." Often he climbed the heights to spend the night in companionship with the sublime beauty of the moonlit falls: "All is life and spirit, every bolt and spray feels the hand of God. Oh, the music that is blessing me now! . . . I cannot refrain from speaking to this little bush at my side and to the spray drops that come to my paper." He talked to the trees as to human beings, and any lover of Muir, or of the mighty sequoias, will eagerly read the amazing letter, only recently discovered, on his friends the Douglas squirrel and King Sequoia. In the mountains he seemed never to tire, sometimes traveling for days without sleep. Of one of his camps above Yosemite he wrote: "My huge camp-fire glowed like a sun. . . . A happy brook sang confidingly, and by its side I made my bed of rich, spicy boughs, elastic and warm. Upon so luxurious a couch, in such a forest, and by such a fire and brook, sleep is gentle and pure. Wildwood sleep is always refreshing; and to those who receive the mountains into their souls, as well as into their sight—living with them clean and free—sleep is a beautiful death, from which we arise every dawn into a new-created world, to begin a new life in a new body."

John Muir was a brilliant conversationalist and a fascinating letter writer, and his published articles and books were written with the most painstaking care. Of their kind, they are the most beautiful in literature, for he looked behind the veil of outward things, perceiving spiritual realities. Space will not permit reference to his Alaskan trips, to his world-wide journeys, to his work as a successful fruit grower, or to his married life. In later years there gathered around him a group of men and women in the

[1] The Life and Letters of John Muir. By W. F. Badè. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

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Sierra Club, of which he was life President, whom he inspired with something of his holy passion for God's creation. He realized that sooner or later the choice must be made between sacrificing forests, waterfalls, valleys, and the masterpieces of nature for commercial gain, or preserving them for the spiritual welfare of America.

Muir's great service in arousing public interest for the preservation of our finest scenery in National parks and forests can hardly be measured. Unsparingly he gave his own life in his splendid effort to preserve intact for the Nation the Hetch Hetchy Valley in our Yosemite National Park. Long did he plead that the incomparable Kings and Kern River regions of California be included in a National park; but Congress after Congress has negligently failed in this privilege and duty. And now commercial interests have attempted to claim this National paradise as their own. When again the bill for this Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park is presented at our next Congress, let every lover of nature realize his responsibility to humanity here and hereafter. Ever shall John Muir's spirit be a guiding one for all who truly appreciate the beautiful in nature.

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THE SECRET OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT. UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by the Earl of Kerry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The letters which are given to the world in this volume are a selection, by his great-grandson, the Earl of Kerry, from the papers left by that Comte de Flahault who fought for the First Republic, who came to be one of Napoleon's most trusted officers, who was highly employed under Louis Philippe, who was privy and slightly assisting to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of 1851, and who was French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, 1860–2.

The Comte de Flahault was a brave and brilliant soldier, several times wounded, often cited in despatches, who rose to be general of division and aide-de-camp of the great Emperor. He was with the Emperor at Fontainebleau, and during the Hundred Days was closer to him than any other person. He carried the order for the last charge of the massed cavalry at Waterloo. He held the Emperor in the saddle in the night-ride after the battle. He was with him at Malmaison at the very end. Yet he was not molested by the Bourbons. He was received into high favor by Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon in turn. The explanation of this unfailing good for-

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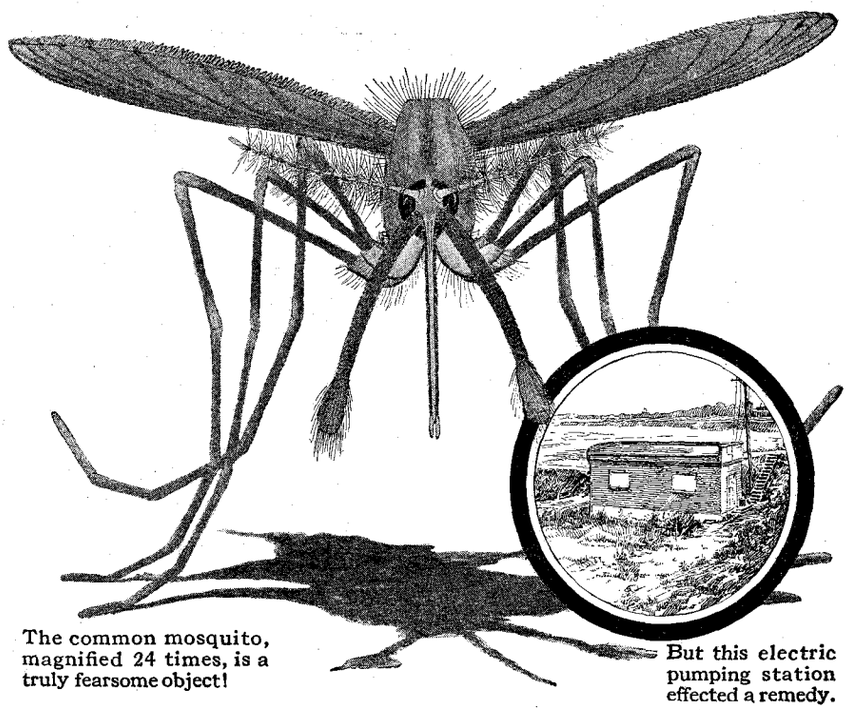

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tune is given in an Introduction by the Earl of Kerry and a brilliant preliminary "study" by Philip Guedalla.

Our Comte de Flahault was the reputed son of a Comte de Flahault of the ancient nobility, who in 1792 paid the penalty of his birth by the guillotine. But there is practically no doubt that he was the offspring of a liaison between the great Talleyrand (in 1785, at the threshold of his career) and the Comtesse. It was Talleyrand who procured Flahault his first commission just before Marengo, and who paved the way for his preferments under Napoleon and Louis Philippe; Talleyrand, also, who saved him from molestation after Fontainebleau and after Waterloo.

Now for Romance Number Two. Flahault, who had the best looks and the most elegant manners of all the exquisites of the First Empire, caught the eye of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage and wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, King of Holland. The offspring of the consequent liaison was a boy whom the world was invited to call the Comte de Morny (created Duc de Morny in 1862 by the Emperor Napoleon III). Thus Morny was half-brother of the Emperor Napoleon III. The polite world knew all about these relationships, and apparently nobody was scandalized. However unwillingly, one has to admit that the almost unexampled good fortune of the Comte de Flahault was due largely to his mother's sins and his own. For it seems to be true that Talleyrand dearly loved his illegitimate son, and that Louis Napoleon not only cherished a warm fraternal feeling for Morny but was also drawn to Flahault by reason of the latter's peculiar relations with his mother.

But the Comte did not merely play in luck; he was truly a man of mark, as appears from Romance Number Three. From 1815 to 1827 he lived in voluntary exile in England, and there married Miss Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of Admiral Lord Keith and after the latter's death Baroness Keith in her own right. The lady was a great beauty, had received proposals from the Duke of Clarence, Lord Cochrane, and Lord Byron; and the Comte married her in the teeth of the Admiral, of the French Ambassador (from the Bourbon Court), and of the British Regent. No wonder the old Admiral opposed the marriage of his daughter with Napoleon's devoted aide-de-camp. As Commander of the Channel Fleet, he had received Napoleon's surrender at Plymouth and had arranged his despatch to St. Helena. But the old man was in the end com-

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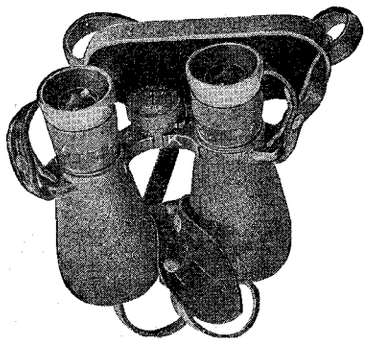

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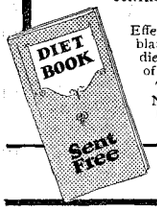

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pletely won over by his engaging son-in-law, and the marriage was an altogether happy one. The Comtesse de Flahault (Baroness Keith and Nairne) and her "son-in-law," the Comte de Morny, became great pals.

Indeed, Flahault seems to have inherited from his father Talleyrand much of the latter's charm of manner, diplomatic talent, and largeness of views. That he was a man of singular candor and probity sufficiently appears from the tone of his letters and memoranda printed in this volume, and from the fact that he was completely trusted by all with whom he came in contact, including some of the most notable men of England.

The peculiar value of this book is that it brings into proper relief a hitherto neglected personality of great historic and romantic interest. The letters which furnish the *raison d'être* of the volume are mostly exchanges between Flahault and Morny or letters from Flahault to his wife. They are not brilliant letters—printed by themselves they would not be very interesting; but, through the interpretation and setting furnished by the Earl of Kerry and Mr. Guedalla, they rise from their ashes, so to speak, they pulse and throb, they serve to humanize our impression of that drab period of French politics 1848–52 which includes the famous *coup d'état*. As for the value of the "new information" they throw on the *coup d'état*, that has been overstated by the critics.

Flahault's references to the great Emperor are valuable as coming from a man so intimately associated with him, a man of distinction and high honor. He always speaks of the Emperor as of a being far superior to all others, not only in ability, but also in character.

FICTION

INNOCENTS (THE). By H. K. Webster. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

The "innocents" in this case are a father and son, both of whom stray a little, if not more, off the path of perfect morality and high-minded love, but duly recover their stability and gain mutual respect from their experiences. Incidentally the boy is a marvelous radio inventor and mechanic; we venture to say that the radio part will interest more people than the love part.

STORIES FROM THE DIAL. The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

Fifteen short stories, four of them translations. One might question the inclusion of two or three, but few readers would deny the excellence of the others, even those that failed to appeal to their own personal taste. The collection, if not wholly gloomy in effect, is

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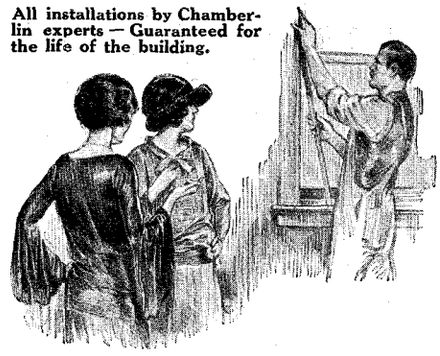

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certainly more somber than sparkling. Why is there such a preference for tragedy among our best writers of short stories? Or is there? Perhaps the preference is among the bestowers of stars and selectors of anthologies. Sherwood Anderson's delightful confession of a boob entitled "I'm a Fool" goes far, in this volume, to lighten an atmosphere that might otherwise be somewhat oppressive.

STAR WOMAN (THE). By H. Bedford-Jones. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

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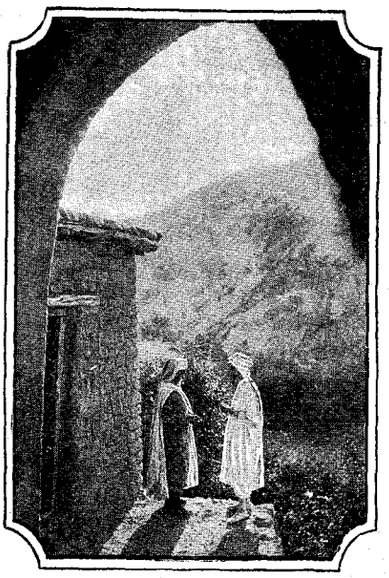
PLUMES. By Laurence Stallings. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

This is an after-the-war novel of a rather familiar type; it is a novel of "disillusionment." The author, who is also joint-author of the magnificent war play "What Price Glory?" was a gallant soldier, a captain of Marines in the war. He lost a leg at Belleau Wood, a fact which his publishers and others have insisted upon rather unfairly. The intimation seemed to be that his literary work and his implied political views must be accepted without criticism. We do not believe that Captain Stallings wishes any such immunity.

At all events, the hero of the novel (which contains many excellent passages and truthful incidents) has also lost a leg in the war, and the story concerns the struggle of himself and his wife in Washington in 1919 and succeeding years. It is bitter in its note, and at times it may almost be called sour. This is natural and forgivable. But it does not make a novel of the first rank, any more than vinegar alone makes a good salad.

There has been a little too much talk about the "disillusionment" of our "young men" after the war. About what were they "illusioned" in the first place, and who did it to them? It was not the "generals," the militarists, the jingoes, who spread the notion that this was "the war to end war," the new crusade for humanity, and all the rest of it. The Lord Kitcheners of the world, the hard-boiled soldiers, told everybody that they were in for a long, hard, and nasty business. It was the politicians, the newspapers, and the writers of the so-called liberal variety who, unwilling to prepare



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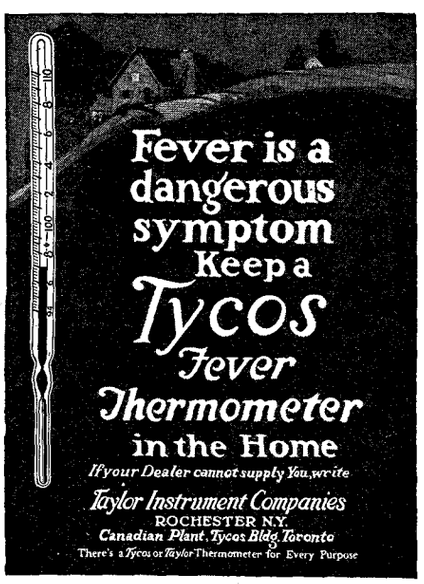

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against Germany in the years before 1914, and in this country from 1914 to 1917 unwilling to admit that Germany was our enemy, found out at last that they had been talking rubbish. In England they discovered it in 1914; it took nearly three more years in America for the idea to seep through that the German people might be our "friends," but that they were acting extraordinarily like enemies. Our "intellectuals" had to reverse themselves, so they invented a number of fine phrases to explain their action in going to war just like the despised militarists. From their embarrassing position arose the need for all the lovely phrases about "making the world safe for democracy." They had been unwilling to fight, had these intellectuals, for the simple need of defending their country; there must be something newer and "finer" than that. A mere militarist was willing to fight for that.

In the end, it turned out not to be "the war to end war"—nobody but these intellectuals thought it was—and so they have been writing articles, novels, and stories ever since to tell how "disillusioned" they are now. "Plumes" is another of these novels.

HUMOR

TWISTED TALES. By Christopher Ward. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

Parodies of Edgar Lee Masters, Gene Stratton Porter, Zona Gale, May Sinclair, Willa Cather, and other writers of fiction, American and English. There have been no better literary parodies since Bret Harte.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

AMERICAN HOMES OF TODAY: THEIR ARCHITECTURAL STYLE, THEIR ENVIRONMENT, THEIR CHARACTERISTICS. By Augusta Owen Patterson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $15.

The author writes that this is a book on æsthetics rather than on architecture. Printer and illustrator have made it a beautiful book, and in its pictures of the finer American homes in the city and in the country, of their gardens, and sometimes of their details indoors, it is an inspirer of envy and covetousness. Upon the views of rooms in the palaces in which some wealthy folk live in the city we can look unmoved. They are grand, and profoundly uncomfortable in appearance. Perhaps if we customarily dressed in the manner of Louis XIV and lived his life we might be happy in them. Not otherwise. How any American in the clothes of 1924 can come in from the sidewalks of New York, even though conveyed to his curb in an automobile of pure platinum, and find himself able to call such regal magnificence "home" is a tough problem. The country houses are better; simpler and more livable. They

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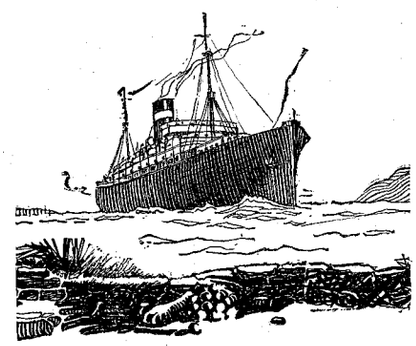


are the ones which inspire our envy and make us wish we had gone in for wealth instead of fame.

When the author deals with facts, the style is direct and the information apparently authoritative. When she generalizes, she drifts into "fine writing," into preciosity, and that kind of well-bred condescension toward learning which is sometimes found in the "society" magazines.

Notes on New Books

WOMEN AND LEISURE: A STUDY OF SOCIAL WASTE. By Lorine Pruette. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A study of "woman's place in the social order;" a book which seems to be one of the great number of sociological investigations which so many people perform, and think important. A tabulation of facts; a compilation of answers to questionnaires; result, well, a Ph.D. for the author.

FRIENDS OF MANKIND. By Douglas English. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A book about domestic animals and pets. The author has written others which were charmingly illustrated by photographs of animals. This is a good book, but we wish it had pictures.

GRECIAN ITALY. By Henry James Forman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Travels in Sicily, Calabria, and Malta. Illustrated in color, or in tint, by F. R. Gruger.

SOMETHING LIGHTER. By J. O. P. Bland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Stories of China. Illustrated in color by Mary MacLeod.

TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By B. W. Mitchell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Informal chapters about walks and explorations in high places.

THE ROMANTIC RISE OF A GREAT AMERICAN. By Russell H. Conwell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

The life of John Wanamaker.

THE DICKENS ENCYCLOPÆDIA. By Arthur L. Hayward. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

An alphabetical dictionary of persons, places, and allusions in the Dickens novels. Interesting pictures.

CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE. By Ellsworth Huntington. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

Third, revised edition of an exhaustive study of the effect of climate upon mankind.

THE AMERICAN STATES DURING AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION, 1775–1789. By Allan Nevins. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

The history of the colonies as they turned into States; their quarrels and other encounters with each other.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND. By H. J. Massingham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

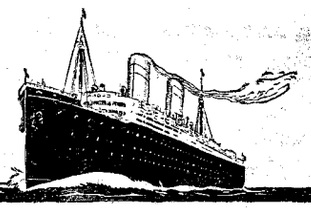
Seventeen chapters on various places in England: Stonehenge, Mendip, and parts of Cornwall. Not a bad guide, but better to read *after* a visit.

MARY STUART. By Florence A. Maccunn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Another book—but one well written—about one of the greatest controversial subjects in history.

CHILD CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS. Retold by L. L. Weedon. Illustrated in color and half-tone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Stories of the children in Dickens. A curiously old-fashioned-looking book; it carries one back to the "Pansy" books. Reason: it was printed in Bavaria.



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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
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AMERICAN woman, Protestant, as companion to elderly lady. Experienced in nursing, care of correspondence, and traveling. References exchanged. 5,686, Outlook.

CAPABLE housekeeper-companion-chaperon, three years in present position; disengaged January 15. City, country, or travel. 5,674, Outlook.

COMPANION—American Protestant young lady desires position as companion, secretary, or tutor to refined person. 5,669, Outlook.

CULTURED gentlewoman seeks re-engagement—trained nurse, excellent housekeeper. Highest references. Address Mrs. Ada Miller, Hotel Bristol, New York City.

PASTOR'S ASSISTANT desires position after February 1. Experienced in church office work, pastoral visiting, and special work with children. Best references. 5,691, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman wants position as housekeeper or hostess. Experienced. Hotel preferred. Address 5,687, Outlook.

THOROUGHLY trained woman, unusually successful with children and young people, desires head position in small institution or community house. Personal interview requested. 5,689, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion-chaperon.—Genteel young Southern matron, cultured, adaptable, with personality. Credentials exchanged. 5,653, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture and education seeks position as companion, companion-housekeeper, companion-secretary to educated woman of means or to young woman. Accustomed to foreign travel. No musician. Address 5,688, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED, for six months, country position in the Far West at outdoor work under supervision for a strong, intelligent, and well-mannered boy of sixteen; not an invalid. No wages asked; good, sensible living and kindly discipline the essentials. Place preferred with family of retired educator or professional man who can handle a boy and direct activities; in such conditions, reasonable sum given for board and care. Full particulars and references exchanged by letter. 5,692, Outlook.

BOYS whose parents are away for winter received in home of experienced clergyman (tutor), suburb Philadelphia. Opportunity to attend city school or private tutoring. References. 5,676, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

By the Way

THE editor of By the Way wonders why this cross-word puzzle craze cannot be used to stimulate an interest in good reading. Instead of trying to discover a meaningless jumble of words, let us turn our puzzle-hunters loose upon a series of great quotations. When they have solved their puzzle, then they will have something to show for their trouble. A form of cross-word puzzle—until we are corrected, we will continue to hope that it is a new one—which will accomplish this end is printed below as a sample for others to copy. This kind of puzzle is simplicity itself to construct and this particular one ought to be equally simple to solve. Those who know their Shakespeare will probably be able to fill in the quotation before it is half disclosed by the process of cross-lettering.

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35

28, 7, 9, 31, a drink
28, 15, 7, an insect
15, 19, 32, 35, a school
35, 26, 31, 16, 17, a direction
18, 8, 12, 26, 1, a weapon
1, 6, 3, 5, 29, a possessive pronoun
30, 12, 21, 33, 34, a smell
33, 34, 16, 19, 9, 8, substance
2, 3, 20, 23, a cry
24, 21, 20, 25, a football term
5, 2, 4, 25, 9, to glow
24, 21, 14, 11, a bird
10, 27, 22, 14, 4, 11, an artist's workshop

As a resolution for the new year, for those who like to make such resolutions, the following from a United States health bulletin is worth repeating:

"Take exercise. Take daily exercise. Have a hobby that gets you out of doors. Keep chickens, make a garden, wheel the baby, or play golf or any other game, but take two hours' outdoor exercise every day."

Here is a sprightly piece of descriptive writing apropos of the death of a woman of fashion in London, who is said to have spent $300,000 in one year on personal dress. It is from the New York "World:"

> When she moved from capital to capital, her baggage train was more impressive than that of a regiment of infantry. Her presence in a railroad station or a hotel meant that all others, no matter what their claims in wealth or distinction, must carry their own luggage.

From "Williams Purple Cow:"

Abie—"Mamma, vat do cows live on?"

Mamma—"Fodder, Abie."

Abie—"Oi, I didn't think Papa was so generous."

Brahmagupta, a Hindu mathematician, is credited by a newly published book, "Beacon Lights of Science," with the invention of the so-called Arabic numerals. "With this almost forgotten Hindu," it says, "the idea seems to have originated to adopt [Sanskrit] symbols for the words of the numbers from one to nine, to add the zero symbol, and finally to give all position value, by which, without the use of any more symbols, any numerical quantity in whole numbers up to infinity could be expressed with ease. As a conception it ranks in importance with the invention of the wheel in mechanics."

"A visitor to our State insane asylum asked a patient whom he met while going through a ward," a Vermont subscriber writes, "'Is that clock right?' pointing to a timepiece on the wall. 'No,' was the quick response; 'if it were, it wouldn't be here.'"

Apropos of the charade reprinted in this column December 24, a subscriber tells of a conversation he once had with an English lady, about as follows:

"So many of your States have curious names!"

"Yes, several of them are of Indian origin."

"Oh, I don't mean that! There, for example, is Matrimony."

"I do not think we have a State named Matrimony."

"Oh, yes, I know you have. Of course when there are so many it may not be easy for you to remember them all. But I am sure of it because of a charade which was told to me. 'My first you put on the floor, my second you put in your mouth, my third you put in your pocket; and my whole is one of the United States.' And the answer was Matrimony."

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